Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 28, 1959 / 25¢

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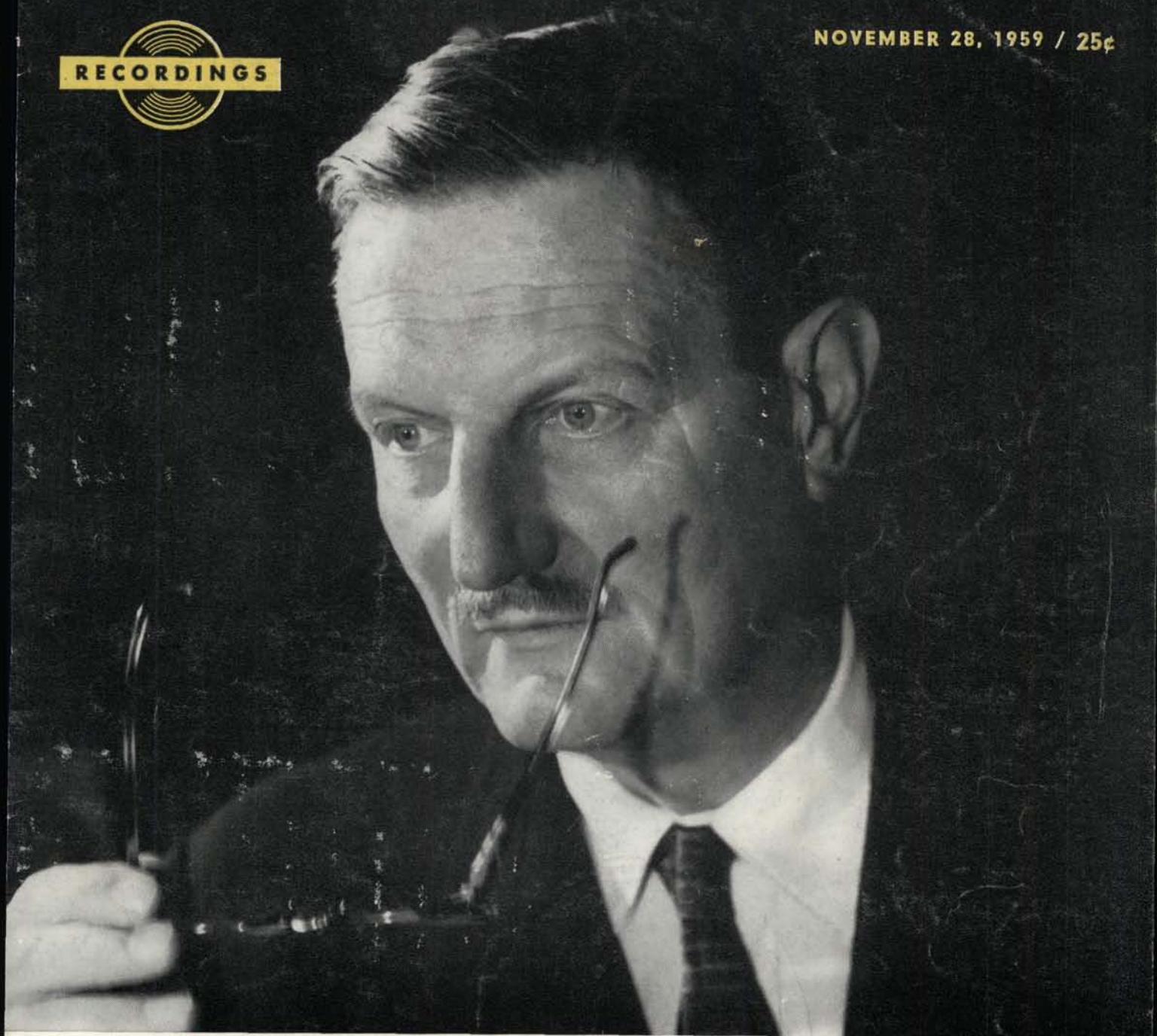

Tyrone Guthrie, author of "A Life in the Theatre." (SEE BOOKS)

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Report and Epilogue

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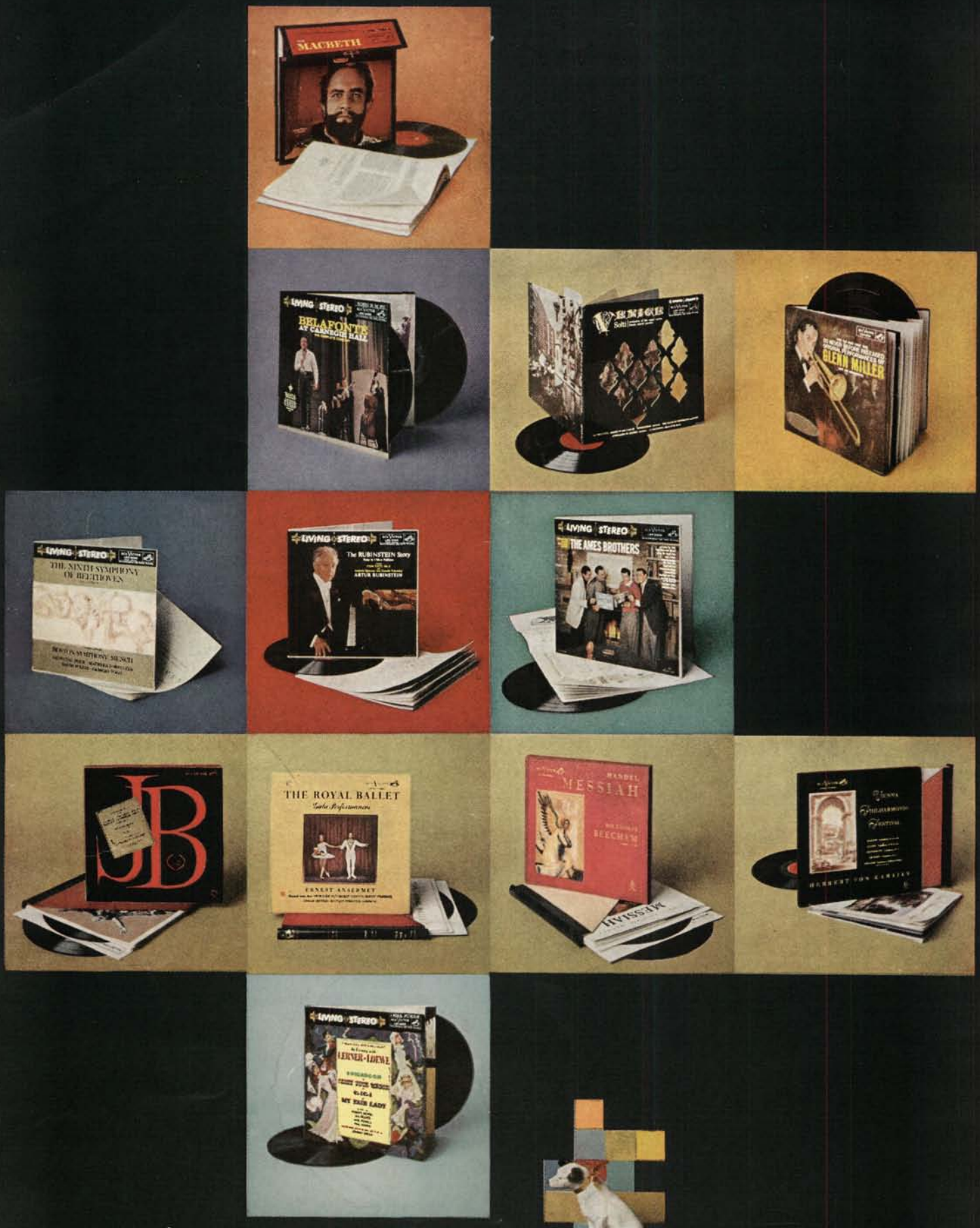

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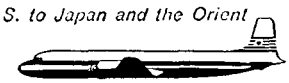

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TRADE Winds

YOU WILL BE INTERESTED to know that the telephone booth problem is on the way to solution. You may have your own notion about what the problem is, but I am sure it isn't the real one. It seems that a common daily experience is for people to get into phone booths and faint. Usually it happens when a person gets some bad news over the phone, but often some tired shopper says, "I'll just sit in this booth and rest a bit." Bang! Passed out.

This wouldn't be bad at all if the doors of telephone booths opened outward. But they open in, and fainters always faint against them. Getting unconscious folks out of booths has been well nigh impossible. Now, however, industrial designer Henry Dreyfuss is going to straighten out the whole mess. He has been creating wooden mock-ups of various kinds of booths, and human guinea pigs have been pretending to faint in them. It appears that a circular booth with a sliding door that disappears into the wall will be the answer.

THE EFFORT THAT Cornelius Ryan put into "The Longest Day" has been so monumental that only by reading the book can one be properly appreciative of it. Many of you must remember the dramatic, emotional, tragic story he wrote for *Collier's* a few years ago in which he recreated the last few hours of the Andrea Doria, chronicling minute by minute the actions of a few people in and near the stateroom where the impact occurred.

He has done a similar treatment of D-Day. Greater in scope, of course, but the same kind of account of what went on, told through the eyes of the men who were actually there. No story is included in "The Longest Day" unless it has been verified. For instance, General Cota refers to the fact that he was attacked by a huge Alsatian dog on the beach. Was this dog Harras, the pet of Major Werner Pluskat in the German-manned bunker overlooking Omaha Beach? Ryan wasn't sure, so he cut it out of the book.

As a result of this approach, this is probably the only real story of what actually happened that day. There have been no records of survivors of D-Day, by any country, and all accounts of the battle have previously been told through official reports based on what the generals and others *thought* happened. Ryan located men who had been there, men from the U. S., Canada, England, France, and Germany. He advertised in hundreds of magazines and newspapers in these countries, and ended up communicating with more than 1,000 veterans of D-Day. The stories they told are the basis of the book.

ONE EMBARRASSING feature of Ryan's research for "The Longest Day" was that he inevitably turned up "veterans of D-Day" who, it developed through questioning, (1) landed three days later, or (2) never landed at all, or (3) thought D-Day meant the landing on their own particular island in the Pacific.

There were 192 men who testified that they had been on the same destroyer with Eisenhower on that day. The fact is that Ike wasn't on a destroyer at all. There were 630 accredited war correspondents, most of whom covered the story as though they were on the spot. Fortunately, or unfortunately—depending on how you view it—there is no list of those who actually landed on the beach itself on D-Day. Ryan says he wants proof. Ryan's nosiness even got two generals arguing over

who stepped ashore first. One of them said:

"Most histories say that General So-and-so was on the beach before me. It isn't true. I was there first."

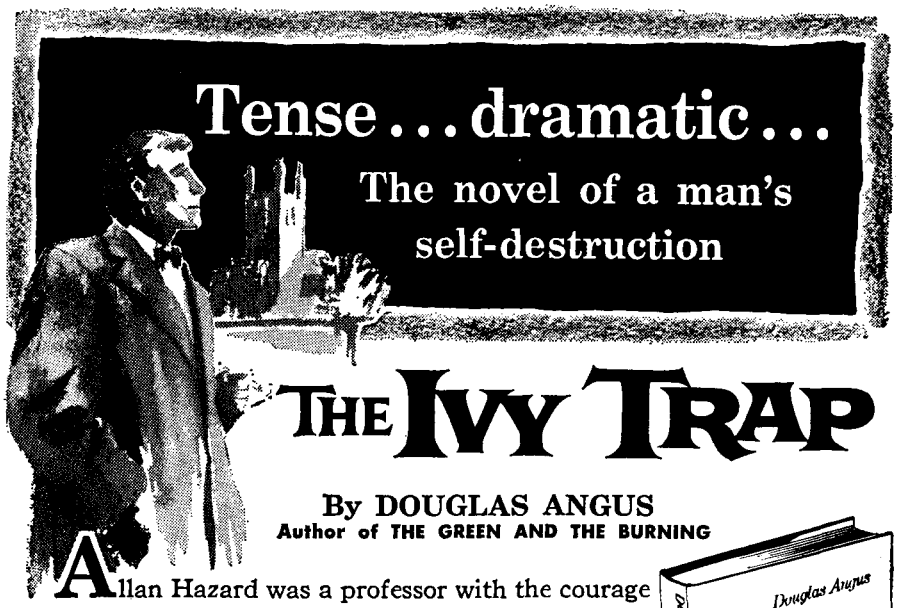
So-and-so told Ryan *he* was first, and the two officers got into a hassle over it. Ryan finally told them, "Work it out yourselves."

They didn't, so he left them out of the book entirely.

Ryan didn't want to ruin any reputations back home, and in the long list of names of those he verified as having landed on D-Day, there are nine ringers. Say it ain't so, Dad.

WHAT'S THE LAW? Are there more laws affecting racial discrimination in the North than in the South?

Does the Hill-Burton Act proclaim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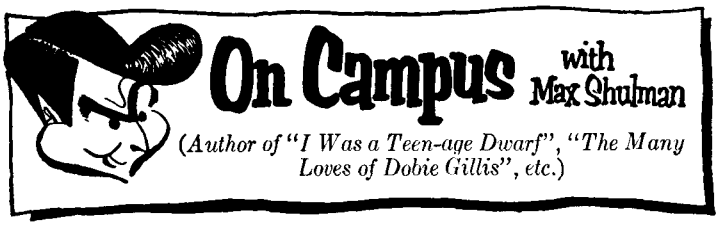

DIARY OF A COED

MONDAY: Prof. Pomfritt sprang quiz in English lit this morning. If Shakespeare didn't write *Canterbury Tales* I'm a dead duck . . . Lunch at the house—turkey hash. Question: how can we have turkey hash when we never had turkey? . . . Smoked a Marlboro after lunch. I dig those better makin's the most! . . . Played bridge with sorors in afternoon. When game was over, my partner stabbed me several times with hatpin. *Must* learn weak club bid . . . Dinner at house—lamb hash. Question: how can we have lamb hash when we never had lamb? . . . Smoked a Marlboro after dinner. What filter! What flavor! What pack or box! . . . Chapter meeting at night. Motion made to abolish capital punishment for pledges. Motion defeated . . . Smoked more Marlboros. *Quelle joie!* . . . And so to bed.

TUESDAY: Faculty tea at the house. Spilled pot of oolong on Dean of Women. She very surly. Offered her a Marlboro. Still surly. Offered skin graft. No help . . . Dinner at Kozy Kampus Kafe—24 hamburgers. But no dessert. Have to watch waistline . . . And so to bed.

WEDNESDAY: Got our marks in English lit quiz. Lucky for me Shakespeare wrote *Canterbury Tales!* . . . Afternoon date with Ralph Feldspar. Purely platonic. Ralph wanted to consult me about love trouble he's having with his girl, Nymphet Calloway. I assured him things would get better. Ralph said he certainly hopes so because last four times he called on Nymphet, she dumped vacuum cleaner bag on him . . . Smoked several Marlboros. Wonderful cigarette. No confusion about which end to light. Saves loads of time . . . Dinner at house—bread. That's all; just bread . . . And so to bed.

THURSDAY: Three packages from home—laundry, cookies, records. So hungry I ate all three . . . Quiz in American history. If Millard Fillmore didn't invent cotton gin, I'm in big trouble . . . Dinner at house. Big excitement—Nymphet Calloway announced her engagement to Ralph Feldspar. While sorors flocked around to congratulate Nymphet, I ate everybody's side meat . . . Then smoked Marlboro. Oh, what a piece of work is Marlboro! . . . And so to bed.

FRIDAY: Got our marks in American history quiz. Was shattered to learn that Millard Fillmore did not invent cotton gin. He wrote *Canterbury Tales* . . . How very odd! . . . Lunch at the house—bread hash . . . Marlboro after lunch. Great smoke. Must send valentine to manufacturers . . . Spent entire afternoon getting dressed for date tonight with Norman Twonkey. Norman is dall, dark, loaded—a perfect doll! Only thing wrong is he never tells a girl where he's going to take her. So I put on a bathing suit, on top of that an evening gown, and on top of that a snowsuit. Thus I was ready for a splash party, a dance, or a toboggan slide . . . So what do you think happened? He entered me in a steeplechase, that's what! . . . Would have taken first prize easily if I hadn't pulled up lame in the last furlong . . . And so to bed.

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* * *

Yes, the college life is a busy one and you may be having trouble choosing the cigarette that's right for you. Here's a handy guide: For filter plus flavor—Marlboro. For flavor without filter—Philip Morris. For filter plus flavor plus coolness—Alpine . . . All made by the sponsors of this column.

that a "separate but equal" rule governs federal aid to hospitals?

Are the last remaining Negro units wearing armed forces uniforms in the ROTC?

In Mississippi, can a white student who wishes to attend a public school for Negroes be legally barred from doing so?

Is a marriage between a Negro and an Indian legal in North Carolina?

Is a marriage between a Negro and an Indian prohibited in Oklahoma?

The answer to all these questions is "yes," according to "Race Relations and American Law" by Jack Greenberg, just published by Columbia University Press. This is the first complete reference book covering virtually all the laws on race relations in the United States, and written in language comprehensible to the layman.

SINCE I EXPRESSED my interest in the peculiar American habit of trying to make warning signs more prohibitive than the English language will permit, my agents have been sending in reports from all over the nation. (It has since occurred to me that one of the most ridiculous postscripts on a sign is this: "Violators Will Be Dealt With.")

Anyway, Donald Lief found a sign a few feet from the south shore of the Susquehanna River in Maryland, several miles upstream from Havre de Grace. It bears out our contention that the more dire the warnings, the less successful they are.

NOTICE
NO THOROUGHFARE
PRIVATE PROPERTY
All persons warned against trespassing.
New, Abnormal, and undisclosed
sources of DANGER constantly arising.
—The Susquehanna Electric Co.

YOU'LL REMEMBER I told you (*SR* Oct. 3) about *Chicago Tribune* correspondent Jules Dubois, who was blackballed in Cuba by waiters, busboys, bartenders and the like, so he couldn't get a drink, or meal, or have his bags carried. Well, that boycott was lifted, but another one remained in effect: no shaves or hair-

cuts by union barbers. Only the other day, I noted, the paper recalled Dubois to Chicago, and if you could have seen him you'd know why.

IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS The Noonday Press will bring out an original paper-

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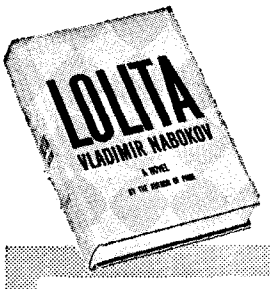

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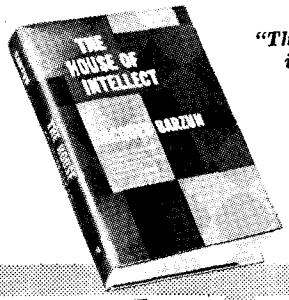

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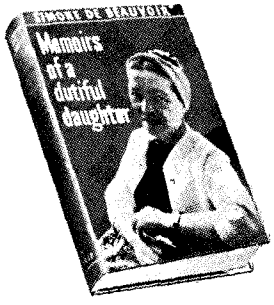
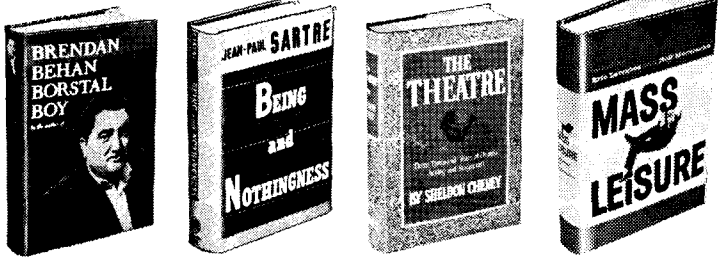


The amazing woman who wrote THE SECOND SEX and THE MANDARINS now turns to the most daring subject of all... *herself!*



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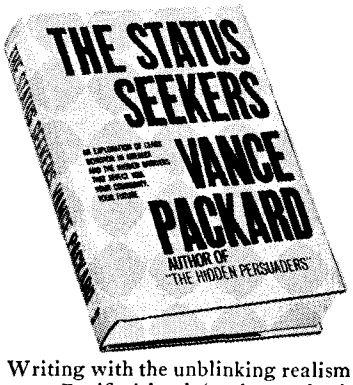

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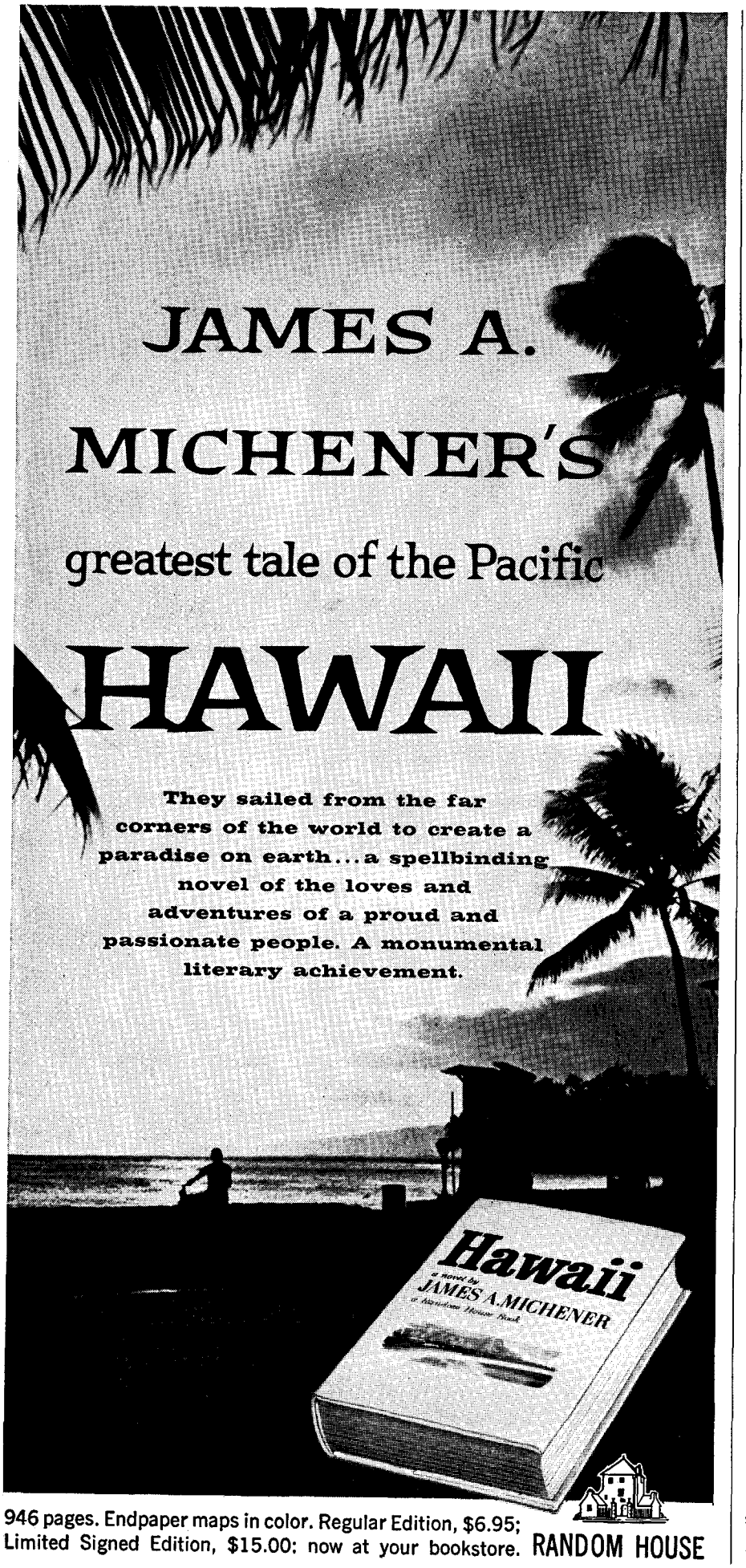
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back entitled "The Other Alexander," which is said to be a rather startling book. I thought the biographical information sent me by the author, Margaret Liberaki, was startling, too, and I quote from it:

"Born in Athens 1920. My parents divorced when I was seven years old. First trip to Paris 1927. Went to school in Athens. Passionate with reading, especially French literature and Russian. Very interested in sports. Studied law at Athens University.

"Married at 19. Started to write a novel very suddenly, the day after final examinations at the university ('The Trees,' published in Athens). Another novel ('The Straw Hat,' in Athens). Had a daughter. Divorced after seven years of marriage.

"Trip to Paris where I lived for about two years. Revealing years. People began to live after the war. New literary discoveries, Kafka, Camus, American novelists. Started to paint. Back in Athens, a third novel ('The Other Alexander').

"Trip to Paris (June 1950) for publication of 'Trois Etés.' In 1953 for publication of 'L'Autre Alexandre.' Began to write for theatre. Written three plays. In 1955 I come to live in France with my daughter. Writing for the theatre all the time.

"Going back to Greece for the summer in my house at the island of Hydra. First play performed in Paris October 1957. Funny experience! Think of it with hate and nostalgia. About future plans, would like immensely to repeat the experience, write many plays and see them performed. Have finished a new play . . . love very much."

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: It would certainly be a shock if some general or admiral had a book published in which he said everything went all right and he got along with his contemporaries. It seems to be okay for Churchill, Eisenhower, Bradley, Montgomery, Alanbrooke, Patton, and even the German top brass to come forth with histories in which each needles the others to a fare-thee-well. I hate to think what would happen if some private first-class, for instance, tried to do the same thing. I guess we poor GIs will have to confine ourselves to the spoken anecdotes which, naturally, are a darn sight more pungent and interesting than anything those ghost writers can dig up out of the war records.

► Now that everything is getting so honest, I am suspicious all the time. I was suspicious of the Quiz on Sports in a national magazine the other day which asked: Which is our fastest growing sport? The answer happens to be archery! I smell a rigged program there someplace. ("I shot a press re-

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Bravo! wrote Aline B. Saarinen in the *New York Times Book Review.*

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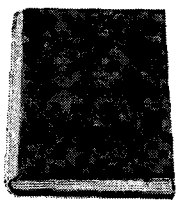

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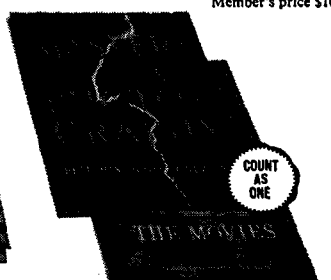

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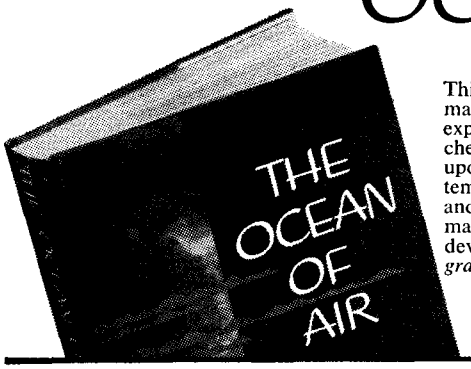

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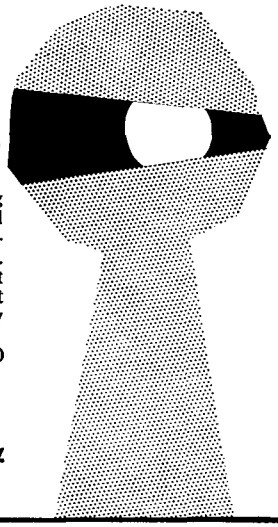

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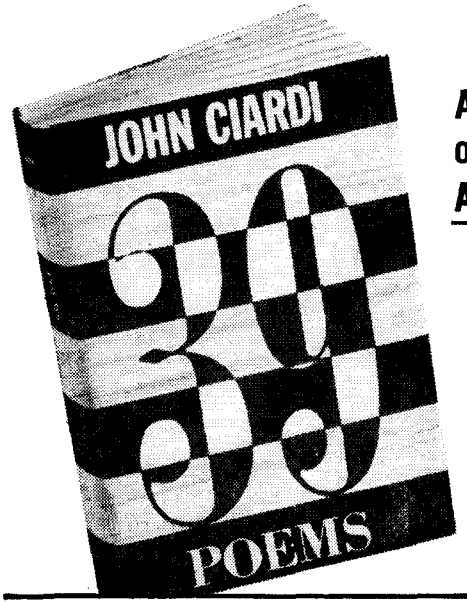

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by JOHN CIARDI

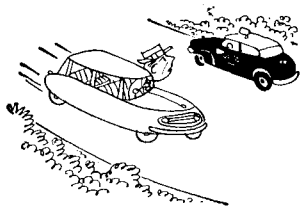
RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS New Brunswick, New Jersey

lease into the air; it fell to earth, I know not where.")

► Now that the television people have said they would do away with the canned laughter, I wonder if they will make it available to those of us who really need it. It would come in very handy at parties, or when someone says, "So, you're a humorist, eh? Give us an example, huh?"

► Now that a pound of coffee costs about half what it did during that fake inflationary period a few years ago, when are restaurants going to lower the price of a cup back to where it was?

► Connecticut State Police, having made such a success of patrolling the highways in pretty pastel cars, unmarked in any official manner, have latched onto an even more startling



psychological device to discourage speeders. Squad cars are parked conspicuously in strategic spots along the roads. Tricky angle: they're empty; no cops in 'em. Effect is the same; everybody slows down.

► Know why they call hurricanes by girls' names? Otherwise they'd have to call them himicanes.

► Joan Churchill telephoned Sears, Roebuck to ask if they had any Franklin stoves. The reply: "No, we only carry Kenmore."

► Marie Walter of N.Y.U. Press tells me that anyone in the book publishing business will appreciate the truth of the statement which concluded a letter received from a Swiss bookseller: "No orders come in spontaneously. Each one has to be provoked."

► And Donald W. Krummel believes I will have no compunction about repeating the story of the eminent Shakespearian who walked into the grocery store and said, "Tell me, where is fancy bread?" —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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Ye toiling, burdened ranks,
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Rejoice, give thanks!

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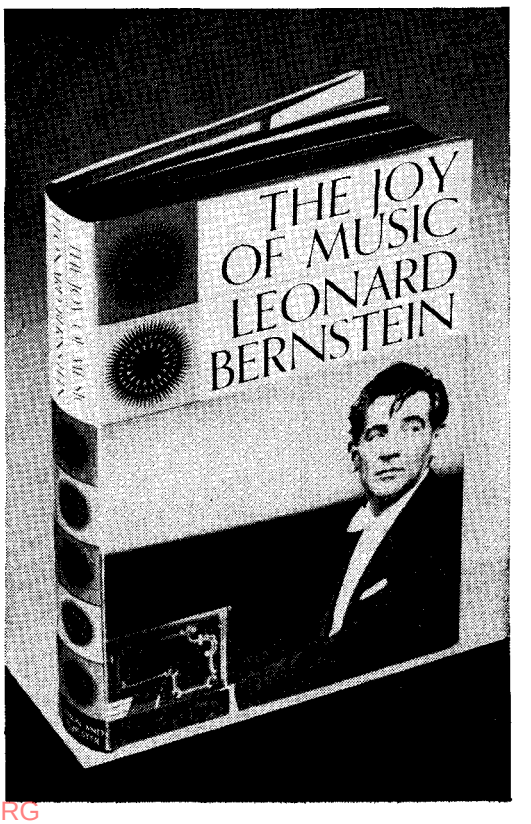

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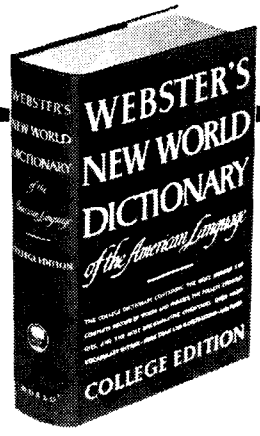

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Chess Corner–26

Accent on youth is the dominant note in the World's Junior Championship, limited to players not over twenty-one years of age. The recent tournament at Munchenstein, Switzerland, saw Carlos Bielicki of Argentina crowned as the new titleholder in a field of twelve.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

	B. Parma (Yugoslavia) White		C. Bielicki (Argentina) Black
1	P-K4	P-QB4	
2	N-KB3	P-Q3	
3	P-Q4	PxP	
4	NxP	N-KB3	
5	N-QB3	P-QR3	

Black's last Pawn move is frowned upon by those who rely upon rapid development. It portends a Queen-side Pawn demonstration.

6	B-KN5	P-K3	
7	Q-B3	B-Q2	
8	0-0-0	N-B3	
9	Q-N3	NxN	

To some extent, the exchange relieves Black of his cramped position and opens the Queen Bishop file, where Black hopes for egress to the enemy King.

10	RxN	Q-R4	
11	B-K2	B-B3	
12	P-B4	P-R3	
13	BxN	PxB	

At the expense of an awkward Pawn structure, Black invites exchanges, relying for a final settlement on an onslaught on the Queen-side.

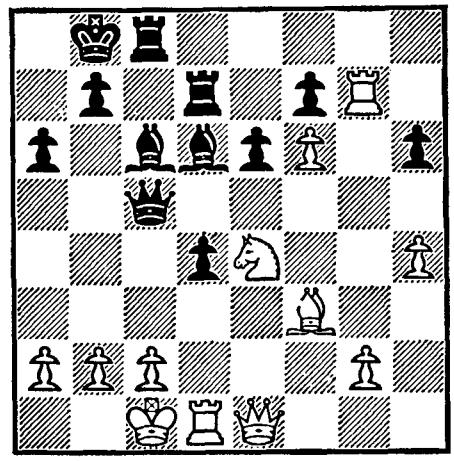
14 Q-R4? .....

14 P-B5 is the move. Then, if Black accepts the Pawn, most of his Pawns are isolated and weak, and he lacks cooperation between his forces. If he fails to accept, he is cramped. This omission gives Black too much scope.

14	.....	P-B4	
15	PxP	QxBP	
16	B-Q3	Q-B4	
17	P-B5	B-K2	
18	P-B6	B-B1	
19	B-K4	P-Q4	

White's effort at breaching Black's position having failed, his initiative is spent. Black takes over.

20	B-B3	0-0-0	
21	KR-Q1	R-Q2	
22	R-KN4	K-N1	
23	Q-K1	B-Q3	
24	R-N7	R-QB1	
25	P-K R4	P-Q5	
26	N-K4		



26 ..... QxPch!
27 KxQ BxNch
Resigns

—Al Horowitz

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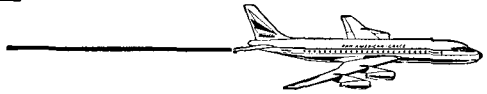

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One sizable item is further spending for federal government electric systems. Federally-owned "public power" has already drained about $5,500,000,000 from tax funds. And spending of $10,000,000,000 *more* has been proposed.

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The public's lack of knowledge is probably the main reason why "public power" spending goes on. Though it taps everyone's pocketbook, most Americans have no idea they're paying to put the federal government into the electric business.

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Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 28, 1959

THE BOMBING OF ST. LOUIS

Report and Epilogue

The probable effects of nuclear war in the United States were described last June in hearings before the Holifield subcommittee on radiation of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. The committee's findings are reflected in the following article, which represents an attempt by several scientists to anticipate what would happen to a typical American city during a nuclear war. The account is cast in fictional form; however, it is based on testimony given before the Holifield subcommittee, and is therefore far from being imaginary. The various numbers scattered through the text are keyed to footnotes which give specific sources for statements made herein. The footnotes appear on Page 40. This article first appeared in Nuclear Information, *a bulletin published by a group who have formed the Greater St. Louis Citizens Committee for Nuclear Information.*

The Holifield subcommittee's hearings proceeded on the assumption that the seventy largest cities in the country had been destroyed by nuclear weapons. Technical experts discussed the effects of such an attack. Physicists estimated the levels of radiation and the destruction of buildings. Weather experts told how fallout would be distributed from the bomb explosions. Physicians described the effects of blast, heat, and radiation on humans. Agricultural scientists discussed the damage to livestock and crops, and so on.

The evidence was presented, but nobody put it together to try to answer the fundamental question: What would life be like for the survivors of a nuclear war?

This is the question which the St. Louis Citizens Committee seeks to answer in the following account. The editors of SR *are grateful to the Committee for granting them permission to publish the results of their study.*

In this account some assumptions have been made. It has been assumed that the Army is able to take control of the situation; since many military bases are outside of urban areas, this assumption seems reasonable. A technical assumption is that in St. Louis County the water system continues to function; the location of the Howard Bead plant makes this possible. A third assumption is that the survivors retain the ability and willingness to cope with their desperate situation. If these assumptions should be overly optimistic, the aftermath of a nuclear war might be far more grim than the story presented here.

This account of three St. Louisans a year after the day of devastation was written by Dr. Florence Moog, professor of zoology in Washington University, with the technical assistance of Dr. Walter C. Bauer, instructor in surgical pathology, School of Medicine, and Dr. J. B. Reynolds, assistant professor of physics, Washington University. SR *hopes that their story will help its readers better to understand the meaning of the facts that were presented before the Holifield committee.*

I.
A Physicist's Report

TOMORROW it will be just one year since That Day — the day that ended the world we used to live in, and reduced our lives to an elemental struggle against hunger, sickness, grief, and despair. Here in this camp outside Vermillion, 17,000 of us who managed to pull through, more or less, are living in huts, tents, and sod houses. Among the St. Louisans here, by some ironical chance, are three of us who were active in CNI. Yesterday we decided to mark this grim anniversary by writing down the history of this terrible year, as we know it.

My name is George Scott. I'm a physicist—or at least, I was. My being alive today is just chance. I was preparing a paper that had to be finished on That Day, so I stayed home to work on it in the little study I had built for myself in the basement of my new house out beyond Creve Coeur. On the campus, hardly anybody survived.

It has been pretty hard to separate sound information from the rumors that fill the air, but it's now generally agreed that the continental U.S. was hit by nearly 1500 megatons on the one day that the war lasted.[1] Seventy cities were hit, as well as major defense installations and atomic facilities.[2] About 23 million people were killed that first day.[3] More than that have died since, but nobody agrees about the exact figure.

I remember that when the Holifield Committee held hearings on the subject, back in 1959 I think, one expert estimated that a massive attack would injure about 43 million people, of whom more than a third would survive.[3] That's not the way it was, though; the injured didn't have much chance, with the hospitals gone and medical supplies burned up and the doctors mostly dead. As for the uninjured—well, there was starvation, and there was typhus, and then there were a lot of people who just went out of their minds and either killed themselves or died because they coudn't make the effort to survive.

St. Louis was hit by two weapons, of eight and ten megatons equivalence.[2] The bombs exploded at 11th and Pine.[4] They say there's a crater there now, almost a mile across and several hundred feet deep. The force of the blast, and the enormous heat, destroyed everything in a circle extending north and

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south to the city limits, and westward as far as Big Bend. East of Grand almost everybody was wiped out at once. From Grand to Big Bend some people survived the attack itself, but not many are still alive.[5].

The ferocious heat of the explosion caused the worst havoc. Fires were started instantaneously as far away as Weldon Spring.[6] People who were out in the open suffered third-degree burns even in Ellisville.[7] Second-degree burns were common several miles beyond that. And many people were burned by fires started by the explosion.

The destruction of major firehouses, and the panic following the explosion, made fire control impossible. The many small blazes ignited by the explosion joined to form bigger blazes, and these finally flowed together to become one huge "fire-storm" that enveloped most of the city and raged for hours.[8] Terrific winds traveled radially inward toward the center of the conflagration, from all directions. An enormous column of smoke rose rapidly over the burning area. The loss of oxygen and the outpouring of acrid fumes in the region of the fire seem to have accounted for the deaths of many who might otherwise have been able to reach safety.

The forests and fields caught fire too.[9] The prevailing west of southwest wind swept these fires along, denuding vast areas of Illinois and southern Missouri. Throughout the entire country forest fires raged for weeks. The eastern Ozarks burned for two weeks, until heavy rains put out the blaze.

Ironically enough, radiation caused little harm immediately—first the heat and fire and flying debris got in their deadly blows. But the fallout came soon enough. It is now calculated that an amount of fission products equivalent to a nine megaton all-fission explosion was produced by the two weapons used on St. Louis.[10] Of this staggering amount, about seven megatons of energy equivalent came down as local fallout; the other two megatons have been dispersed in the stratosphere and will come down as world-wide fallout.[11] The local fallout was distributed downwind over an elongated area about eighty miles wide at the widest point, and about 200 miles long—approximately 9000 square miles altogether, stretching across southern Illinois towards Evansville, Indiana.[12]

CASUALTIES from local fallout were heaviest around East St. Louis. In Belleville, persons in the open or in adequate shelters received radiation doses of over 1000 rads during the second hour after the attack. During the first twenty-four hours after the attack the total radiation to such persons was about 5000 rads.[13] Since about 700 rads of radiation received in one dose, will kill half the people exposed to it, those who received 5000 rads didn't live through the second day. Although many people stayed indoors in an attempt to avoid the fallout hazard, some were in buildings that reduced the radiation to one-tenth,[14] so that 500 rads were absorbed within a day. All who received as much as 1000 rads within a few hours were dead by the end of the week.[15] For those who received 500 rads in a short interval, mortality was about 90 per cent; mostly they were dead by the middle of November.[16]

In the whole 9000-square-mile area of appreciable local fallout, people who couldn't or didn't find shelter received doses up to 5000 rads the second day after the attack, 250 the third day, 150 the fourth day, and 100 on the fifth day.[17] They didn't live much longer than that.

The region of local fallout is still radioactive.[18] The persistence of high radioactivity was one of the factors that led to the decision, later in December, to evacuate most of the area. Another factor was the probability that no crops could be raised on the heavily contaminated soil for a long time, and then there was also the fear that the denuded land, with its water-holding cover gone, would be subject to severe flooding in the spring.[9]

It turns out that the decision was well taken. We hear that over hundreds of square miles of southern Illinois there is still nothing to be seen but the scarred, eroded earth—nothing was planted, and nothing has sprouted. West of St. Louis conditions are said to be somewhat better, but the ground is so badly contaminated that there is no possibility of using food grown on it. The worst of it is that the peak of accumulation of the long-lived isotopes is still in the future. In about two years we expect that the Strontium 90 concentration in the local fallout region will range from 10,000 to 300,000 millicuries per square mile, and Cesium 137 from 20,000 to 600,000.[17]

On a worldwide scale, the explosion of 4000 megatons of weapons released 2000 megatons of energy equivalent of fission products. This means that a total of 200 million curies of Strontium 90 was produced.[19] (Remember that a "curie" is a thousand millicuries.) Four-fifths of this came down as local fallout, but the remaining 40 million curies will come down gradually from the stratosphere. In two to five years, when the Strontium 90 concentration will be greatest, the average Strontium 90 concentration in the north temperate zone will be about 1000 millicuries per square mile.[20] Back in the late Fifties we were concerned because the soil around St. Louis had forty-six millicuries per square mile because of fallout from testing![21] And yet it is expected that ten to twenty per cent of the area of the United States will have concentrations up to 500 times greater than the north temperate zone average of 1000 millicuries per square mile.[17] Right now it doesn't seem possible that food crops could be grown in such areas for a century at least. [22]

II.
A Doctor's Report

I'M Bill Rosenthal, M.D., practitioner of one of the few professions that flourish in this new era. Sickness and suffering are among the few things we have no shortage of these days. Not that a doctor's life is a very satisfactory one. It's maddening to think of what we could have done, this past year, with doctors and nurses and technicians and hospital beds and antibiotics and drugs. Not to mention food. Well, we did what we could.

I was at County Hospital when the moment came. County and St. Vincent's were the only hospitals in the entire St. Louis area that remained in action. All other hospitals, including our two great medical centers, were in the zone of total destruction. St. Joseph's in Kirkwood stood up, but was heavily damaged in the fire that raged through the area. I don't remember when the ambulances had begun to arrive—we were too busy moving patients downstairs and trying to cover the broken windows. We were handicapped by lack of light. There was an auxiliary power supply, of course, but we hesitated to draw on it because we suspected, right away, that Union Electric wasn't likely to operate again in our time.[5]

The first victims to arrive were some youngsters from Clayton High School. Caught out of doors, they had sustained terrible burns.[7,23] Three of them who had been standing near a wall had been hit by the "bouncing back" of the pressure wave from the wall; they were already bleeding from the lungs.[24] In a few minutes more, people were pouring in—more burns, injuries from flying glass and falling masonry, even broken heads and limbs from the powerful wind that had picked people up and smashed them against walls and trees.[24]

We worked feverishly, but it was like trying to bail out a lake with a teacup. Our supplies gave out in a matter of hours.[25] The phones were dead, but from what we could learn from those victims who were able to talk coherently, we knew that we could expect no help from outside. By evening we couldn't even get any more people in-

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doors, where they would have had some protection from the lethal fallout. In the St. Louis area, more than half a million people died that first day.[26]

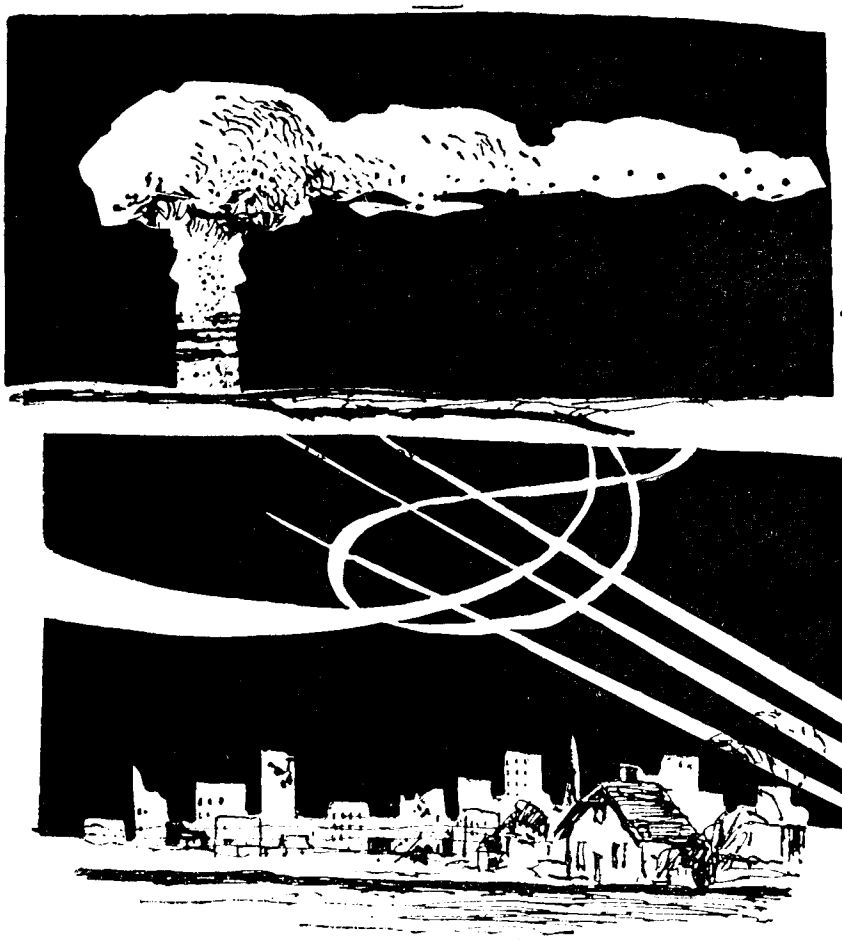
The next two days were more horrible than anything any novelist has ever imagined. Our supplies of opiates exhausted, we could do nothing to quiet the screams of the burned and mangled patients who lay all around us.[25] We didn't even have dressings to cover their torn and seared flesh.[25] The piles of bodies rose higher—for a while it seemed that we should all be buried under the heaps of dead.

On the fourth day a detail of soldiers arrived, equipped with asbestos suits to protect them from fallout. Somehow they managed to dispose of the corpses. A little later the state police brought us two truckloads of canned food, though we were not to see anything like bread or fresh milk for months. Actually, demands on our food stores were not very heavy, because so many of our patients were unable to eat. We had little chance of feeding them intravenously.

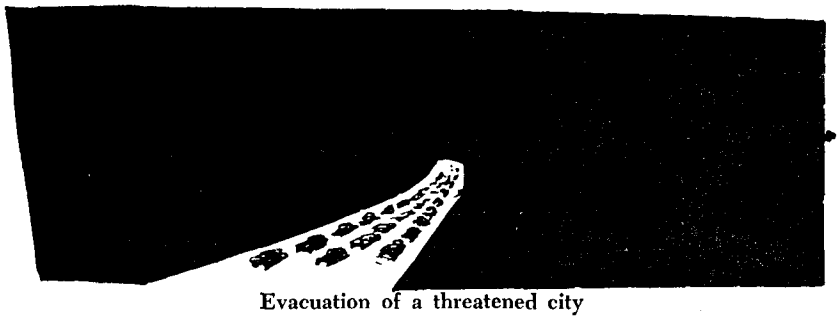
CASES of radiation sickness were streaming in by the second day. We saw very few victims of massive exposure—5000 rads or more—because they didn't live long enough to be brought in. Very quickly, however, we were getting people who had been exposed to 1000-5000 rads. Such people suffered severe gastrointestinal damage. After a day or so, their nausea, vomiting, and fever subsided, but then returned with greater intensity, and death followed within about a week.[27] Together with the victims of burns, whom we were just unable to deal with, the victims of radiation sickness made up the greater part of the more than 400,000 in the greater St. Louis area who survived the attack but succumbed not long afterwards.[26]

In another day or so we were seeing the largest group of people hurt by radiation, people who had absorbed 200-1000 rads. Such patients showed serious gastrointestinal disorders at first, but recovered in a day or so. Then the further signs of radiation injury, appeared—falling out of hair, easy bruising, or bleeding from the skin and gums, and a return of fever and weakness during the third week after the attack. At this time the number of white corpuscles and of the small platelets that are essential for blood clotting reached their lowest levels and remained low for days or weeks.

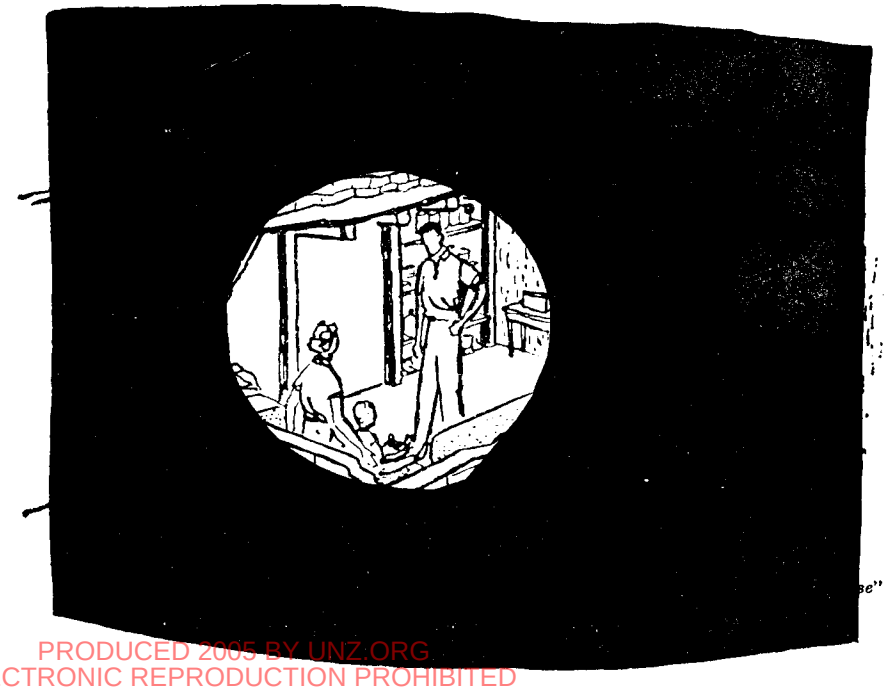
Our worst problem with these patients was their lack of resistance to infections. Often they succumbed to microorganisms that rarely cause disease in healthy people. With heavy antibiotic treatment and repeated blood



Attack patterns of enemy bombers



Evacuation of a threatened city



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transfusions over a period of months we might have saved many in this group. As it was, more than half of those exposed to 700 rads died within two months after exposure.

Of the people exposed to less than 200 rads, half also experienced nausea and vomiting, but to a mild degree in most cases. These and others without any severe symptoms showed a definite lowering of the number of white corpuscles in the blood, beginning in the third week. Most of these recovered, or if they died, it was from causes not directly connected with their radiation exposure.[27]

After about three weeks, the staggering death rate began to decline. But even for the 200,000 who survived without apparent injury life was very difficult. Here in our refugee center in South Dakota almost everyone is suffering to some extent from malnutrition and exposures to weather. All sorts of infectious diseases are rampant. Antibiotics are still very difficult to obtain. Last spring the camp here was decimated by pneumonia. Blindness is terribly common.[23] And soon we expect leukemia and bone cancer to appear among those who lived through fairly heavy radiation doses.[28] On the basis of the Hiroshima experience, we think that leukemia cases will show up by the end of the next year, and reach a peak in five to eight years.

III.
A Housewife's Report

MY NAME is Marian Swingle. I call myself a housewife, though the term is hardly apt. My husband is dead, and I never expect to have a house of my own again. Yet I'm one of the lucky ones. I'm in good mental and physical health, and I still have two of my three children. Not many mothers are so well off.

When the bombs exploded, I was down in the basement, washing. For a moment I thought the washing machine had blown up, but the continued racket soon made it clear that something terrible had happened outside. I grabbed Davey and rushed upstairs. Though we were in Ballwin, eighteen miles from 11th and Pine, our windows were smashed and a piece of the roof was torn away. When I looked to the east, I saw that awful cloud rising over the city.

Fortunately, I had the sense to go back to the basement and stay there. Many women rushed outdoors and headed for the school—there wouldn't have been so much radiation sickness if they had stayed indoors. It was hard to stay in, not knowing what had happened to Johnny and Edith, but I figured it was best to trust the school authorities. I knew that when the kids did get home, they would have only me to depend on, because when I saw that cloud over the city, I felt instinctively that John would not come back. His office was on North 8th Street.[5]

The children were brought home on a bus the next night. After a couple of days I took in the two Blanchard boys from next door. Their mother was one of those who had rushed out that first day. She died at home, about ten days later. A neighbor got her to County Hospital, but brought her back again; they just weren't taking any more patients.[25]

Seven of us—including a neighbor, Helen Stein, who had lost her husband and daughter—lived in the basement until February. It wasn't too bad at first. The water, fortunately, held out.[29] We had some canned goods, and some of the food in the freezer was usable for five or six days. We couldn't cook, of course, with both gas and electricity gone, though we made little fires with waste lumber that John had stored in the basement. During the winter we chopped up the furniture and burned that. At least we had our good bedding —I wish I still had it.

After almost a week, Helen ventured out to the local supermarket. Though damaged, it was still standing, and in the hands of the military. They gave her a package of powdered milk, some canned tomatoes, and two bags of dried

(*Continued on page* 40)

A Need for Wisdom, Not Weaponry

"Organizing Peace in the Nuclear Age," by the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace; *Arthur N. Holcombe, chairman (New York University Press. 245 pp. $3.75),* ***"NATO and American Security," edited by Klaus Knorr*** *(Princeton University Press. 342 pp. $6),* ***"The Question of National Defense," by Oskar Morgenstern*** *(Random House. 306 pp. $3.95), and* ***"Defense in the Nuclear Age," by Stephen King-Hall*** *(Fellowship Publications. 234 pp. $2.75), each try to answer the terrible questions of these times. Walter Millis, of the Fund for the Republic's Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, is the author of "Arms and Men," as well as other works relating to war.*

By Walter Millis

WHERE amid the terrors of our nuclear age is one to look for defense, for security, for even a ray of hope? These volumes—quite different in inspiration, method, scope, and approach—all turn around this grim dilemma of our times. Do we strive to develop a new and nonviolent structure of international law and politics, to regulate and assuage the differences between states? Do we reduce or eliminate the frightful armaments which are at once the consequences and the causes of those differences? Or do we try both to manage and intensify the arms race in such a way that it will lead to something other than the unutterable catastrophe which it now appears to promise? Each of these types of answer is attempted here; but since success with any is so deeply entwined with the others, the total result is something less than encouraging.

"Organizing Peace," the eleventh annual report of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, puts forth eighteen specific recommendations for strengthening the United Nations and the International Atomic Energy Agency. All are cogent and deserve attention, but the main value of the report is in the lengthy "supporting papers," particularly that by Arthur N. Holcombe on "The Role of Politics in the Organization of Peace." This is a theoretical attempt to establish a nonviolent basis for international relations. It studies with care the actual politicking carried on in the great building on the East River; it finds here at least the rudiments of a genuine political process for international relations, but observes that if it is to develop into a means for the settlement or assuagement of international issues it must obey its own rules.

It must be a politics which will eschew most of our familiar political devices, such as party systems and majority vote. It will be a politics of adjustment and management rather than of either dictatorial or majoritarian rule: only something like Calhoun's "concurrent majority" will serve, and one would

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expect the "middle powers" to play a prominent role. These are useful ideas. They remind us that even in our overweaponed, polarized, and frightened world the possibilities of "politic" arrangement have not been exhausted. But, as the introduction suggests, "ending the cold war" is still a prerequisite to bringing them to realization. It is "an imperative of the new system of peacemaking" that "the principle of personal responsibility for official acts must be applied to the men in power in so-called sovereign states." How is a Khrushchev or an Eisenhower to be held personally responsible for the operations of the vast aggregations of nuclear power over which they preside?

The eleven papers on "NATO and American Security" assembled by Klaus Knorr (two are his own) for the Princeton Center for International Studies are historical and pragmatic. They provide an excellent survey of the origins, the development, the internal politics and economics, the shifting balances of internal power and purpose, the possible future uses and fate of NATO—the principal instrument raised by the West to provide for its security within the existing framework of policy and weaponry. The work is scholarly and thorough; the results are not hopeful. NATO began as a conventional military alliance system, intended to function with conventional armies in a nineteenth-century tradition of international relations. The new weaponry wrote its own veto on this concept; as Paul Nitze observes, "the fundamental change in nuclear power relationships" has exerted a "force" on NATO's affairs with which it has had difficulty in coping.

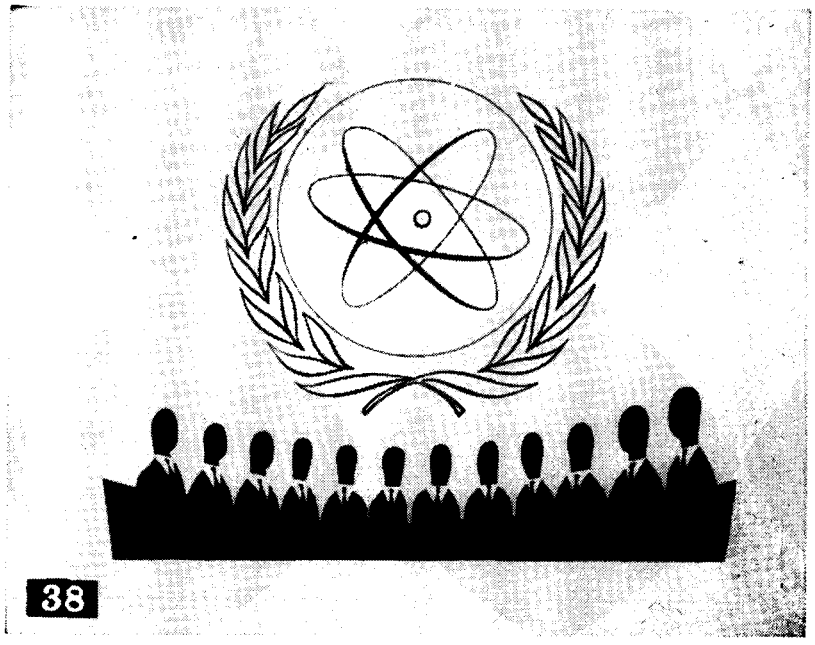
The several authors become involved in long discussions of strategy and of strategic and tactical concepts and of how these may be expected to operate in the politics of contemporary Europe. While such discussions expose the strains upon the organization, they tell us little as to how or whether the strains will be met. Characteristically, Knorr's concluding essay is entitled "NATO Defense in an Uncertain Future." The accent remains upon the "uncertain."

This is a careful case-study, so to speak, of a major military-political security system as it is functioning in the contemporary context. Oskar Morgenstern in "The Question of National Defense" covers wider ground. His "critique of our military preparations and policies" deals with the future even more extensively than the present, statecraft as well as war and weaponry. The problems of NATO are specific; he generalizes them into a global problem: how are we to maintain security (and freedom) by sound military-political strategy? To this problem he brings the up-to-date resources of mathematical game theory and operations research. He goes through all the grisly calculations of the new strategy (it's like the match-game—"I guess what you guess that I am guessing"—only played for tens of millions of lives at a throw) with a complete amorality, which one could perhaps accept if only he put some other intelligible theory of motivation in its place.

His methods yield at least one interesting insight: To get optimum results from a "balance of terror" *both* sides should have completely invulnerable strike forces. It is as much to our interest that Russian rocket bases should be invulnerable to a first strike" from our side as that our own should be invulnerable to a first strike from Russia. This is the necessary condition for averting accidental or preventive wars, and some hold that all wars of modern times have been essentially preventive wars. It is on this theorem that Morgenstern bases his proposed "Oceanic Defense," which, relying mainly on missile-carrying Polaris submarines, he assumes will remain invulnerable. But these mathematicians of unimaginable slaughter never seem to carry their calculations far enough. A corollary of the principle of mutual invulnerability for striking forces would seem to be a mutual vulnerability for the cities. Morgenstern, however, is quite willing to spend fifty billion dollars on civilian protection. It is not, he says, an economic problem but simply one of how great we estimate the danger of attack to be. This blandly overlooks the matter of how far his invulnerable striking force may really reduce the danger, and how far the danger would be enhanced by undertaking a shelter program which the Russians could only regard as offensive in intent.

Space is lacking to follow him through his treatment of other problems of the megaton world; I can only say that my doubts increased as I advanced. In his struggles with the problem of limited war there are many statements that he certainly ought to resubmit to the electronic calculators that are now supposed to make our policy; his final apocalyptic comparison of the evils of submission with those of megaton annihilation only indicated to me the incredible naïveté of the sophisticated. This is simply not a possible world as designed by Morgenstern; it does not now exist, and my private conviction is that it never will.

So one comes finally to Commander King-Hall, who might be said to possess the genuine sophistication of the naïve. King-Hall is the man who has told his startled British compatriots that the only thing to do with the nuclear weaponry, large and small, is to get rid of it. Do it now, and do it unilaterally. These things are not only fearfully dangerous but also useless—and anyone who has gone through Morgenstern's account will hardly need King-Hall's simpler demonstration. If Britain, by divesting herself of nuclear weaponry, would in fact invite Russian Communist occupation, then the population could be trained to meet and survive it by methods more efficient than that of accepting nuclear annihilation. Not many, of course, have been able to take so preposterous a notion seriously. But if there is any exit from our dilemma, I suspect that it will be found in the long run to lie down the path to which King-Hall points.



—*United Nations Film Strip*

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The Quest in a Quiet Time

By Granville Hicks

IN AN essay he wrote eight years ago for *Partisan Review,* an essay reprinted in "Advertisements for Myself," Norman Mailer said, "I would propose that the artist feels most alienated when he loses the sharp sense of what he is alienated from. In this context, I wonder if there has been a time in the last fifty years when the American artist has felt more alienated." Before the war, he pointed out, American literature was full of vigor, for then "the writer had a sense of his enemy and it could nourish him."

This is one of Mailer's shrewder observations. In the early years of the century there was an enemy called Puritanism. In the Twenties the enemy was Babbittry. In the Thirties it was capitalism. Always in those years there was a target at which most artists and writers could agree to direct their resentments. There has been no such agreed-upon target in the Fifties.

That doesn't mean that there are no resentments; on the contrary, Mailer is probably right in suggesting that dissatisfaction has never been greater. But there is no convenient scapegoat. A few of the intelligentsia have accepted, in some more or less refined form, the popular doctrine that Russia is the root of all our evils. A few have convinced themselves that the economic system, in spite of all the apparent differences, is really the old capitalism and worthy of the old hatred. But these dogmas do not satisfy the majority, who feel that there is no simple explanation for what is wrong with our society and certainly no easy remedy.

Here, then, is a young writer. It is clear to him that our society as a whole is indifferent, if not actively hostile, to the values to which he committed himself when he chose a literary career. Our national prosperity, so far as he can see, has failed to enrich most people's lives. Over us all hangs the threat of atomic destruction. And yet there is no individual, no class, and no institution that he can hold responsible. He cannot say to himself that if this were changed or that were destroyed, all would be well. He has enemies but no enemy.

One natural response to such a predicament is the repudiation of society as a whole. Mailer himself, after showing interest in political creeds and radical organizations, has gone over to the Hipsters. He has, however, retained some of the emotional patterns of his Left-Wing days, and at times he seems to see himself as a general leading his small army of Hipsters against the serried ranks of the Squares. At heart he remains a revolutionary.

The consistent Beatnik, on the other hand, does not seek to triumph over the Squares nor even to shock them; he simply wants to get away from them and associate with his own kind. What he does is to set up Beatnik enclaves within our overwhelmingly Square society. For this procedure there is good historical precedent, and what one chiefly holds against the Beatniks is that their way of life seems so dull and their way of writing about it so unimaginative.

WE need to remind ourselves, in view of the attention that has been paid the Beatniks, that they are not a very numerous part of their generation and that their response to their generation's predicament is not the only possible response. Another kind of young writer sees that there is no simple explanation for what is wrong with society and begins to suspect that perhaps there never was. The evils that distress him permeate the whole of society, and therefore they are to be found in the self as well as outside it. Hence he sets himself apart from society, not, in the Beatnik fashion, for the purpose of self-assertion but for the purpose of self-examination.

This is exactly what most of the talented writers of the Forties and Fifties have done. Wright Morris's novels, for instance, record the search for identity and reality, the effort to discover the self and establish its true relation to the world. Saul Bellow, also preoccupied with the problem of identity, has gone on, in "Seize the Day" and "Henderson the Rain King," to the problem of salvation—the problem of the transformation of the self. Carson McCullers concentrates on the isolation of the individual and the possibilities and limitations of love as a means of escape from that isolation. With J. D. Salinger, as I remarked a little while ago (*SR,* July 25), the search for love merges with the search for wisdom. Flannery O'Connor probes for the roots of evil. There is many another gifted writer who is engaged in the same sort of quest.

The quest is not new. Although the novel has most often dealt with man in society, many of the greatest novels have asked fundamental questions about man's nature and destiny. The predominance of the philosophical novel in recent American literature is surprising only because the social novel had prevailed for such a long time. If society has a future, the social novel has a future too, but for the moment it is in abeyance.

In the course of editing "Fiction of the Fifties" (see page 34 for review), Herbert Gold asked the authors whose stories he selected: "In what way—if any—do you feel that the problem of writing for the Fifties has differed from the problems of writing in other times? Do you believe that this age makes special demands on you as a writer?" Flannery O'Connor replied: "I presume that writing in any age is equally a chore. I would not have found it less difficult in 250, 1350, or 5050." Two or three others said much the same thing, and I approve: it is healthy for a writer to proclaim, with Robert Frost's clock, that the time is neither wrong nor right.

Yet every period does have its peculiar difficulties, and those of the postwar era have not been negligible. The writer feels himself alienated (what halfway sensitive person does not?) but, as Mailer says, he has no sharp sense of what it is he is alienated from. He has to find his bearings for himself and steer his own course. Some writers refuse to make the effort, and sooner or later they are shipwrecked, but others respond to this challenge as serious writers have always responded to whatever challenge their age offered them.

A good deal of dissatisfaction has been expressed with postwar literature; it is too quiet, too lacking in boldness to satisfy certain critics. But to me there is something reassuring in the quietness with which so many of the writers of this period carry on their work. I like it better than the noisiness of Mailer and the Beatniks. This is obviously not a time for large affirmations, but perhaps it is not a time for large negations either. The writers who look steadily and thoughtfully and imaginatively at the human condition have something to say to us now, and I believe that some of them will be saying more as time goes on.

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SHOW BUSINESS

The World Is His Stage

(L. to r.) George Voskovic, Leon Jacobs, and Tyrone Guthrie shown at a rehearsal of "The Tenth Man" — "Ends by putting greatness into perspective."

***"A Life in the Theatre," by Tyrone Guthrie** (McGraw-Hill. 357 pp. $5.95), takes the reader behind the proscenium for a long look at dramaturgy. Faubion Bowers's latest book is "Broadway, USSR."*

By Faubion Bowers

BUYING a ticket and sitting "out front" have never been quite enough for a large number of theatregoers. A desire to get behind the scenes in some way has led to an adjunctive literature on theatre and, for years, biographies or autobiographies of "stars" have met this need in the field.

Recently, however, the lists of drama books are being regularly augmented by a more valuable kind of information. Playwrights, for instance, are speaking up, not only through characters and stage directions, but by writing *about* their plays and addressing themselves directly to readers. To cite two examples, William Gibson in the "Seesaw Log" and Meyer Levin in his dramatization of "Compulsion" have, among other things, shattered some nerves in their recital of the strange occurrences between conceiving and mounting a production on Broadway. Others, and this includes playwright-directors and critic-directors, have also decided to talk between hard covers, and out of this comes their opinions as to what theatre was, is, will, or should be.

This trend for workers in the theatre to express themselves in explanatory terms is a shift from the glamour of appearance to the back and beyond of stagecraft. Such books are more than a who- or howdunit of theatre life; they are a probe into meaning and art. Without being pedantic, and always concerned with a palatable subject-matter, most of these writers are enabling the ordinary spectator to take an adult step. The step is the difference between just enjoying, which is intellectually passive, and really appreciating, which is active and more sensible.

Tyrone Guthrie's "A Life in the Theatre" is yet another theatre book but, as a brilliant record of a distinguished man's long career, it is certainly the wittiest and most urbane of the lot. When he picks up "A Life in the Theatre," the reader will already know that Dr. Guthrie is one of Britain's and the world's foremost directors of plays. He will have seen, perhaps, one of Dr. Guthrie's Old Vic productions, or "The Matchmaker," or even "Candide" and "Tamburlaine the Great," or, at the Met, either "Traviata" or "Carmen," all directed by him. Possibly the reader already has tickets for Dr. Guthrie's current Broadway hit, Paddy Chayefsky's "The Tenth Man." But by the time he puts this book down, the reader will know a lot more—not so much about the author personally as about theatre, humanity, and the world. During it all, he will have had an enormously good time.

Midway in the book, Dr. Guthrie makes his first, and only, reference to his wife. He meets her, but then he says, "This book is a professional, not a personal document; but I think I may go so far as to say that we have lived happily ever after." And nowhere, not even on the dust jacket, is the reader told when Dr. Guthrie was born, or where. The absence of personal references is never missed while you read the book, only afterwards, when you stop to think why "A Life in the Theatre" is so out-of-the-ordinary, so unrun-of-the-mill.

Many theatre books could—except for the knowledge of the craft involved—be written by Elsa Maxwell. Theatre happens to be one of the most glamorous professions in our life today, and one most subject to name-dropping. Here, too, Dr. Guthrie writes in undertones. Early on, we are told that the late Tyrone Power and the author had the same great-grandfather, and that is about all on that subject. Flora Robson is introduced as "a tall dark girl with beautiful eyes," and there isn't much more of that—except casually and professionally.

The core of "A Life in the Theatre" is in its philosophical musings, the sounding-off about the many aspects of that many-aspected art, Theatre. The author's pet peeves are the proscenium stage and the kind of "realism" it engenders. He grapples with the basic and paradoxical problem of theatre, "trying with more and more artifice to be more and more natural," and his passages on these subjects are dotted with provocative statements like "I lost interest in naturalism when . . ." and "Most of us have rather naïve and childlike taste" and "Performances had to be broad and noisy . . ."

Nothing really is spared. He says of critics that they ". . . are not practitioners, they perceive a symptom and believe the symptom to be the cause, not the result, of a malady which they have not diagnosed." He calls ballet "snob-fodder," and suggests it has "got above its station," that opera singers got where they are "not because they particularly want to be there, but because they have

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been told, often by the oddest people, that this is the sort of voice they have, that is where they will do best." His experience has shown him that committees of theatrical enterprises are composed of "artistic and excitable elderly ladies of both sexes."

Because Dr. Guthrie has probably directed more plays in more different countries than anyone else has (he moves with equal ease from Ireland to Scotland, from Israel to Finland, from Australia to Poland, and, of course, from the West End to Broadway) he has a good deal to say about the whole world. He opposed the creation of a National Theatre in Australia, because, "there was no satisfactory organization for its expression, no considerable public appreciation to develop it, and little enlightened criticism to lead the public." And in speaking of the seniority that oppresses the Habimah Theatre in Israel, he notes that "far, far away down that long table were the young boys and girls, some no more than forty-six."

Throughout the caustic wit, the sensible ideas, the narrative of an exciting career, courses a candor of astonishing proportions. He writes, "I go about the world getting up plays partly out of vanity, partly for money, partly out of habit . . ." and finishes the sentence equally honestly and modestly. He describes his most resounding hit, "The Matchmaker," as "a failure of rapprochement between myself and first the cast, then the critics, in the matter of humor." Of his "Barber of Seville": "What I supplied contrived to be at once galumphing and stark." Of "Candide": "It was an artistic and financial disaster from which I learned almost nothing at all about anything," and again, "My direction skipped along with the effortless grace of a freight train heavy-laden on a steep gradient." Touchingly he remarks with regard to an actor he once hired for a play, "His engagement was a misjudgment on my part, which did great harm to the first venture of a highly promising author." In fact, the most self-assertive statement of Dr. Guthrie's book comes when he reveals a disagreement he had with Fritz Reiner over "Carmen" at the Met. He says, "I gave way, but I think he was wrong."

"A Life in the Theatre" is an unusual book, because Dr. Guthrie's life is not entirely conventional by accepted Broadway standards. He was not, for instance, born poor, nor of a minority group, and he was educated in the best schools. I gather he has never been on an analyst's couch: "I was not actively unhappy," he says of his youth, and of his schooling, "Better a sore behind than a sin-conscious soul." There was no dramatic struggle or rise to success and, so far, no fall or decline from it. He never gave the public "what it wants," just what was good for it—that taboo of commercial theatre. He hasn't shied away from the classics; in fact, he has capitalized on them, and he even managed a success out of a sixteenth-century Scottish classic.

Reading "A Life in the Theatre," by Tyrone Guthrie, is the same as spending an evening with a superlative mind; it should appeal to anyone who delights in cultivation, fair comment, distinction, and enlightenment.

TYRONE GUTHRIE admitted this week that he hasn't much interest in the "I-opened-in-Philadelphia-and-the-notices-were-great" type of theatrical memoir. And although he is enthusiastic about Moss Hart's subjective "Act One," it is, he observed, essentially a rags-to-riches story, which automatically precluded imitation because "I didn't start in rags and I haven't got to riches." Dr. Guthrie conceded that he may someday pen "confessions in the Rousseau department," but he won't permit their publication until "fifty years after I am dust, because they won't spare either myself or the people here on earth." This sounded harsh in view of his reputation as a man who has clarified values for showfolk whom he has directed in everything from dialect plays in Ireland to grand opera at the Met, from Sophocles in Israel to, currently, Paddy Chayefsky on Broadway. But Dr. Guthrie blushed at offering any maxims for the masses or a personal philosophy about which he could be pithy. However, he suggested that being six-foot-five, which was a "crucifixion" in his youth, is now rather an advantage vis-à-vis his casts. "It is a great handicap throughout life to be outsized," he observed, "but something that late in middle age you begin to learn to use—and I mean this seriously. One of the wonderful things about getting old is that everybody—well, not really everybody—comes to terms with their own appearance. I still wish dearly that I were a more normal and better shape—but I know that everybody does." There are many, contrarily, who might regard Dr. Guthrie as a big, handsome fellow, blessed with a cordial wife who is also tall and regal. Born in Kent, he lives, "rather too intermittently" in an unturreted, noncrenelated, ancestral country house in Eire, thirty-five miles from a railway and fourteen from the grocer. Before returning there, Dr. Guthrie will explore the possibilities for founding an American repertory company in one of our "provincial cities." And sometime he'd like to do a film about Joseph and his brethren—the Bible version, not Thomas Mann's—garbed in modern dress and with an Irish setting. "Why not?" he retorted to an expression of surprise. "It is a story about people." —ROCHELLE GIBSON.

Pharaoh of Paramount

"The Autobiography of Cecil B. DeMille," edited by Donald Hayne *(Prentice-Hall. 465 pp. $5.95), takes a long, contented look at the movie mogul's life. SR's motion-picture critic Arthur Knight is the author of "The Liveliest Art: A Panoramic History of the Movies."*

By Arthur Knight

THERE ARE some who regard Cecil B. DeMille as the world's greatest movie director—and high in that number, judging by this lengthy posthumous autobiography, is Cecil B. himself. No false modesty clouds his pages. No private agonies rise to the surface at the close of a lifetime to question whether this was good, or that might not have been better. Complacency underlines his every sentence, the complacency of a self-made, self-centered man. He looks back over his long career, and is pleased with what he sees. If the critics disagreed, if the critics felt that his films were less than masterpieces, the critics were wrong. And he has letters from dignitaries, churchmen, and a little old woman in the Deep South to prove it.

Actually, DeMille's sniping at his critics—a minor theme that rumbles persistently throughout the book—is not altogether unwarranted. The critics sniped at *him*, too often losing sight of the fact that he was one of the screen's master storytellers in their distaste for the stories he had to tell. One has only to compare a pseudo-DeMille epic like "The Big Fisherman" with the genuine article to see the difference. Few rivaled him in his handling of crowds, or in cramming the frame with eye-filling spectacle. Probably no director ever luxuriated quite so frankly in the excesses of cinema—orgies, massacres, the Christians tossed to the lions, the Egyptians trapped in the Red Sea. This was the kind of red meat that he served up with such gusto as to make audiences around the world smack their lips and beg for more.

In his book DeMille constantly refers to these works as "religious films," no doubt because he coated them with a thin veneer of calculated religiosity to make them acceptable. "How can you show purity without depicting sin for dramatic contrast?" he would ask—as if the fact that sin sold tickets were purely coincidental. It was this Pharisaic note in both the man and his films that alienated many of the critics (and, it might be well to add, many thoughtful churchmen as well), making them view

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with a cynical eye not only DeMille's themes but his plots, his research, and his techniques.

If the Master was aware of this, he has concealed it well. He writes (not luridly) of sin in Hollywood during the early Twenties, and the creation of the Hays Office to keep it within bounds on celluloid—but he liberally laced his own films of that period with bacchanals, petting parties, drinking sprees, and, of course, a wide variety of bathtubs. He writes with sober approval of the formation, early in the Thirties, of the industry's Production Code administration, but, immediately after it was established, he inserted into his "Sign of the Cross" one of the most lascivious dances ever exposed to a general audience, and defied the Code people to do anything about it.

A rugged individualist, he is at his best and most sympathetic when inveighing against the "bookkeeping mentality" that has constantly sought to constrict creativity with efficiency-expert methods. An infinite attention to minute detail, he knows, is costly and time-consuming. (In the movies, time *is* money.) But he also knows that it is these very details—whether a particularly handsome saddle, a pair of matched stallions at $2,500, or the carefully rehearsed activity of every last member of a vast crowd—that ultimately bring a picture to life. As a realist, however, he quotes with approval Sir Henry Irving's observation that the theatre "must be carried on as a business or it will fail as an art." So he never made the mistake of overstinting on production values—nor the mistake of overestimating his audiences' intellectual powers.

WHEN he was a boy, DeMille recalls, he had day-dreams of himself as a "Champion Driver," a crusading knight who withered invincible foes with his prowess. Much of the later part of the book is devoted to such crusades: against the interlopers from New York who tried to tell him how to run his business, against the radio union that tried to levy a $1 political assessment, against the Democrats. There is an inordinate amount of name-dropping as the youthful "Champion Driver" actually becomes the peer of champions (generally of the delayed-fuse variety, ending with some variation of, "and today that little lady is loved the world over as Mary Pickford"). And there is a magnanimous forgiving of all debts, with a kind, charitable word for everyone.

This is, one feels as page follows contentedly on page, the life that any "Champion Driver" would have chosen for himself.

Often, It's Written by the Star

If for no other reason, the fall publishing season has been distinguished by an unusually large number of theatrical reminiscences. In addition to Moss Hart's excellent "Act One" [SR, Oct. 10] and the two autobiographies reviewed in this issue, there are the following books by stage and screen stars: ***"Goodness Had Nothing to Do with It," by Mae West*** *(Prentice-Hall. 271 pp. $3.95),* ***"Groucho and Me," by Groucho Marx*** *(Bernard Geis. 344 pp. $3.95),* ***"The Way I See It," by Eddie Cantor*** *(Prentice-Hall. 204 pp. $2.95),* ***"But He Doesn't Know the Territory," by Meredith Willson*** *(Putnam. 190 pp. $3.50),* ***"With Powder on My Nose," by Billie Burke*** *with Cameron Shipp (Coward-McCann. 249 pp. $3.95), and* ***"Ed Wynn's Son," by Keenan Wynn,*** *as told to James Brough (Doubleday. 236 pp. $3.95). They are considered by Alan Arnold, a show-business writer and publicist who wrote "Valentino," a biography of the silent-screen idol.*

By ALAN ARNOLD

TWO YEARS ago Gypsy Rose Lee produced "a memoir" entitled simply "Gypsy." It is a work of genuine literary quality besides being the recollections of a star. Here is a passage: "Mother paused to check a road sign, and verified it on the map. Her cheerfulness was forced and as bright as the sun on the snow. 'Just think,' she said, 'of the girls who would give anything to have shared your childhood. The music, the lights, the applause, the people you've met, the excitement—you've had a real fairytale childhood.' The car skidded . . ."

Gypsy was objective about her childhood. She knew what to leave out, using a writer's imagery to convey in a sentence what the amateur author will take a chapter to do. By using her now-famous mother as a foil, she stood aside from herself and gave her portrait a pattern of completeness. No boring facts nor excess verbiage obscured her story of love, struggle, disappointment, and success. A great entertainer did not become a bore.

Unhappily, too many of the autobiographies of stars, of which there is a spate now, fail to convey the glamour of their subject-matter; the writers do not understand the medium in which they are working. They simply are not writers. In producing a book they err in terms of professionalism, a quality they have possessed to their

Eddie Cantor

Mae West

Groucho Marx

Keenan Wynn

Billie Burke

Meredith Willson

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fingertips as entertainers in their own medium. Sometimes, it is true, they employ ghosts, but rarely is the marriage a happy one.

Mae West would seem to have written her own story, for the prose in "Goodness Had Nothing to Do with It" would make a self-respecting ghost blush. It is also designed to make the general reader blush. Like dishes of overcooked food left half-eaten because no one was hungry, one lover after another is paraded, only to be put aside most endearingly, in order that the next play may be mentioned—to be followed inevitably by the notices it got. Miss West does not describe her many love affairs; she lists them.

"Goodness Had Nothing to Do with It" is an immodest book. The author blows her own trumpet with gusto, and this too is disillusioning. The fabulous Mae should have been content to let her legend work for her. It would have been better, I feel, if she had detailed at least one love affair plausibly, if merely to reassure her public that she actually partook of the merchandise she has devoted a lifetime to selling.

"There is nothing more deadly than the typical actor's chronicle of his successes," writes Groucho Marx in "Groucho and Me," his autobiography. "I am deliberately sparing you this."

The comedian keeps his promise. After a confusingly zany chapter reminiscent of a patter comedian's radio script, the book gains solidity. Childhood years in Yorkville provide characterizations in the colorful tradition of Jewish folk humor. The superb sense of the ridiculous that makes Groucho the great eccentric humorist he is enlivens his story; there is no self-pity concerning early hardships, no bombast over the success that came to him.

"Since neither my grandfather nor my grandmother spoke any English, they were unable to get any theatrical dates in America," he writes. "For some curious reason there seemed to be practically no demand for a German ventriloquist and a woman harpist who yodeled in a foreign language."

Similarly wrapped in humor are Groucho's accounts of his immense losses during the Wall Street collapse, a tussle with Warner Brothers over the use of a movie title, and the split-up of the Marx Brothers following "A Night in Casablanca." "Groucho and Me" detracts none from the Marxian legend.

Another fine comedian, Eddie Cantor, has written "The Way I See It," which, though containing many autobiographical references, is really a work of popular philosophy. Eddie discusses such social subjects as mental illness, divorce laws, teachers' salaries, sexual taboos, sadism in popular entertainment, teen-age marriages, and immigration quotas. Since he reveals a fine basic sense of values, "The Way I See It" is going to help a lot of people.

I am unable to see how anyone but the author's relatives and business associates will derive benefit from Meredith Willson's "But He Doesn't Know the Territory." It is the story of the struggle to get Mr. Willson's Broadway musical, "The Music Man," onto the boards, and it is flamboyant with *nouveau-riche* success awareness. It might decently have made a chapter in an autobiography. Yet, such is the artifice of our popular showmen these days that a Broadway musical could be based on this story of the making of a Broadway musical. And then Mr. Willson would have another book to write!

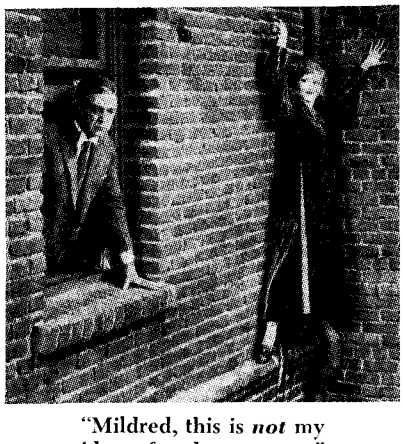
"With Powder on My Nose" is Miss Billie Burke's first book, says the blurb, since "With a Feather on My Nose" and Cameron Shipp's second book as Miss Burke's collaborator, for we are now in "as-told-to" territory.

As a long-standing admirer of the indestructible Billie Burke, it was disillusioning to me to discover that her opus is largely an extension of the sort of topic dear to bored women. It will have, I predict, a gargantuan sale. What contemporary matron, bedeviled by a tottering marriage, could afford to be without the advice that "many a shaky marriage could be saved by a hot breakfast in a hotel," and what husband the warning that "when a woman claims to be a Communist she is following some man."

Still in as-told-to-land is Keenan Wynn's fascinating story, expertly narrated in detached style by James Brough. Since a main purpose of "Ed Wynn's Son" is to enlist sympathy for the plight of the offspring of an all-too-famous father, it is somewhat paradoxical that Ed Wynn should emerge as by far the most interesting character. The career of the senior Wynn, who made a million dollars by the time he was twenty-five, makes wonderful reading. There is an altogether surprising account of how rich show people lived in Great Gatsby style on Long Island in the Twenties, and a tense, psychologically absorbing account of Ed Wynn's tragic marriage.

As with "Gypsy," much has been left unsaid. A legend has been improved upon, which must surely have been the aim of all these books by and about living celebrities.

"Stop *doing* that, Horace!"



"Mildred, this is *not* my idea of a honeymoon."

Jonathan Winters and Philip Cammarata have collaborated on a do-it-yourself laugh kit, entitled **"Did Anyone Bring an Opener?"** (Harper, $1.50). Forty-five dead-pan stills from the silent movies are accompanied by interchangeable captions. For example, in the photograph below, the caption could just as well read, "What did you think of Lippmann's column today?"

"I *said* you're standing on my foot!"

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HISTORIC PAPERS

Beginning of a Definitive Man

"The Papers of Benjamin Franklin: Vol. I, 1706-34," edited by Leonard W. Labaree and Whitfield J. Bell, Jr. *(Yale University Press. 400 pp. $7.50), inaugurates what will be, some fifteen years from now, one of this nation's most imposing scholarly achievements. Professor Robert E. Spiller is an editor of "Literary History of the United States."*

By Robert E. Spiller

THE APPEARANCE of Volume I of "The Papers of Benjamin Franklin" initiates the first definitive edition of all the surviving writing and correspondence of this great Colonial statesman, scientist, and literary man. When completed in some forty volumes, this edition will take its place beside those of Jefferson, Lincoln, Hamilton, and the Adams family as part of a vast effort of modern American historians, which started with the work on Jefferson some years ago to gather and preserve the total record of our cultural heritage from the philosopher-statesmen who founded and shaped the nation.

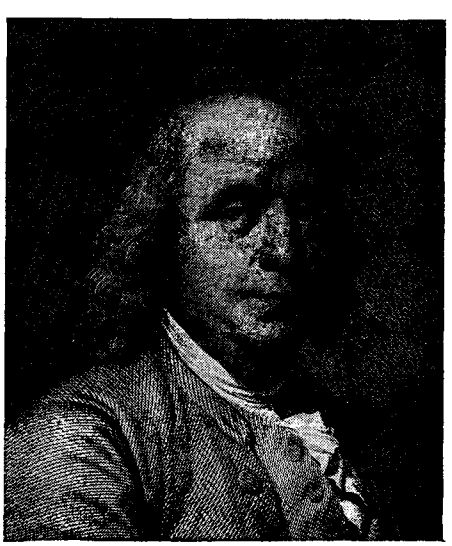
The size and importance of this project can be guessed when it is recalled that no previous edition of Franklin has gone beyond ten volumes and that many items in earlier editions have been proved to be not of his authorship. The new material is from long lost manuscripts and newly identified printed sources. Both the journalist and the statesman of the eighteenth century had special reasons for remaining anonymous, and Franklin's modesty—or carelessness—in preserving his manuscripts and signing his printed contributions has provided one of the most complex problems of modern historical scholarship. No wonder Messrs. Labaree and Bell have offered to make their edition not "complete" but "comprehensive."

The present volume takes the story from the official record of Franklin's birth in January, 1706, through the last issue of the *Pennsylvania Gazette* for the year 1734. This is approximately the period covered by the first section of the "Autobiography," written in 1771, and is perhaps the most familiar part of Franklin's long and varied life. But there are here very few letters or other personal documents to fill out or to correct his own account of his plans, activities, and mistakes of these years; and the "Autobiography" itself will not be included until a later volume. Instead, we are here given the richest collection anywhere available of whatever the young printer of Boston and Philadelphia wrote, set into type and issued as newspaper, pamphlet, or almanac: the "Dogood" and "Busy-Body" papers, the "Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity," the tract on a paper currency, copious excerpts from the pages of the the *Gazette*—most of them not previously identified and reprinted—and the first two issues of "Poor Richard," the first of which is reproduced in photofacsimile.

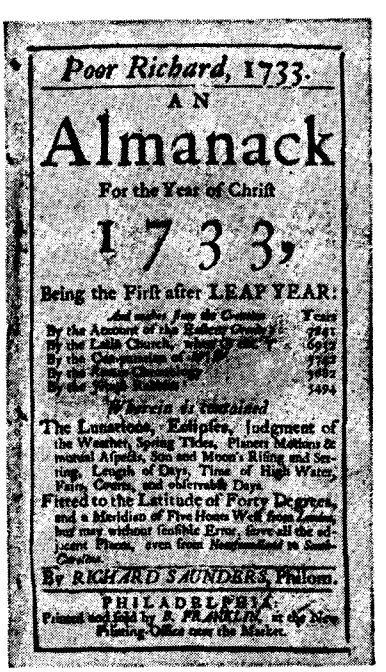
The Franklin who steps from these pages is a figure familiar enough from the "Autobiography" but different in subtle and important ways from that presented in an old man's memories. In these essays, news items, business announcements, and personal notes, the young man himself is speaking. Here is a modest and fresh competence, a faith in integrity, a willingness to take on older adversaries and competitors, and a belief in "Virtue" as a sufficient guide to the good life. Both in the assuming of a pen name and in the witty comment on men and manners, "Silence Dogood" follows the conventions of the English periodical essay of the time, but the voice is that of the upstart apprentice who has no fear of the religious and political interests that jailed Franklin's brother James.

"I have from my youth," confesses the supposed widow, "been indefatigably studious to gain and treasure up in the Mind all useful and desireable Knowledge," and she then strikes out with wit and common sense against Pride, Hypocrisy, and Folly wherever they appear in the world about her. Remarkable not only for their consistency of personality but for their mature and effective style, these essays set the tone and standard of Franklin's later literary work. That his success was a result of thought and care is proven by his own essay on Style, printed in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* for August 3, 1733: "To write clearly, not only the most expressive but the plainest words should be chosen . . . Amplification, or the Art of saying Little in Much, should only be allowed to speakers . . . No piece can be called good, and well written, which is void of any Tendency to benefit the Reader, either by improving his Virtue or his Knowledge." The eighteenth century still thought of the word "Virtue" as derived from the Latin *vir*, or man, and Franklin (in "Busy-Body" No. 3) early summarized his manly ideal: "Virtue alone is sufficient to make a Man Great, Glorious, and Happy."

To scrupulous excellence of editing, the planners of this edition have fitly added perfection in the bookmaking art as a special tribute to their Master Printer. Truly here, in accordance with Franklin's own whimsical epitaph, his Work appears "in a new and more perfect Edition, Corrected and Amended" —if not by the "Author," at least by a team of most competent agents of the divine intention.



—*Bettmann Archive*



Poor Richard, 1733.
AN
Almanack
For the Year of Chrift
1733,
Being the Firft after LEAP YEAR:
By RICHARD SAUNDERS, Philom.
PHILADELPHIA:

Left, Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher-statesman. Right, frontispiece from the first issue of "Poor Richard," the work of the young printer of Philadelphia.

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Two Centuries Later, a Sense of Admiration Prevails

"Boswell for the Defence," edited by William K. Wimsatt, Jr., and Frederick A. Pottle *(McGraw-Hill. 400 pp. $6.50), follows the career of Johnson's biographer, James Boswell, through five years during which he served as a lawyer in Scotland's courts. James Sutherland, a foremost British eighteenth-century scholar, is Lord Northcliffe Professor at the University of London.*

By James Sutherland

THOSE WHO can never have too much Boswell—and there is little sign of his posthumous public dwindling—will find much to interest and delight them in this new volume of the private papers of James Boswell. When we last parted from him, Boswell had just returned from a trip to England, where he had asked the London doctors to "clear his constitution," and he was now safely married to his cousin Margaret Montgomerie. Yet "safely" is hardly a word that can be applied to Boswell in any circumstances.

In the opening pages of "Boswell for the Defence," we meet with what appears to be a reformed character, a Boswell very conscious of his new status as a married man, and enjoying the virtuous sensations it gives him. (It is characteristic of Boswell that he can enjoy a whole range of sensations from the pleasurable to the painful. Experience is all—the experience of being alive, of being James Boswell.) He is genuinely fond of his wife, whom he refers to more than once in the rather disenchanting idiom of the eighteenth century as "my valuable spouse," and he is faithful to her, in his fashion. But before long he has moments when he cries "for madder music and for stronger wine": there are renewed hints of what he called "amorous intercourse" with streetwalkers, and in 1774 (partly perhaps as a reaction from the pressure of work) he is drinking heavily, and is indeed frequently drunk. It is some measure of the fascination of his character that we follow those moral ups and downs with the same concern as we would if we were reading the temperature chart of a sick friend.

The present volume covers the years from 1769 to 1774, and the principal documents are two manuscript journals of Boswell's visits to London in the spring of 1772 and 1773, as well as a journal kept by him in Edinburgh from June to September, 1774. These are supplemented by passages from the manuscript of the "Life of Johnson" (to supply pages removed by Boswell from the journal of 1773), some letters, brief notes for journals, and other minor documents. The editorial work of Mr. William K. Wimsatt, Jr., maintains the scholarly and unobtrusive standard set by the earlier volumes, and the diverse material is welded together into a smooth and continuous narrative. What little we see of the editor makes us wish for more, for his comments have often a dry humor. On the very eve of his departure for London in 1773, Boswell wrote to David Garrick and said that he hoped to be with him "some time this spring." Mr. Wimsatt notes: "Boswell was not in the least uncertain as to when he was going to be in London; he had booked a place in the Newcastle fly for three o'clock the next morning and would arrive on the heels of his letter. But if he said so, Garrick would not write an answer, and an opportunity to secure a fine item for the archives at Auchinleck would be wasted."

The title, "Boswell for the Defence," alludes to the fact that Boswell was now an active advocate in the Scottish courts. On his visit to London in 1772

(*Continued on page* 39)

"New Light on Dr. Johnson," edited by Frederick W. Hilles *(Yale University Press. 348 pp. $6), commemorates, in this series of twenty essays, the 250th anniversary of Samuel Johnson's birth. Before his retirement, DeLancey Ferguson was chairman of the English Department at Brooklyn College.*

By DeLancey Ferguson

TO CELEBRATE the 250th anniversary of their hero's birth the fan club that calls itselves "The Johnsonians" has sponsored this collection of essays by British and American scholars. It is further proof, were proof needed, that Johnson's mind and personality are still very much alive.

Of the twenty pieces which Mr. Hilles has assembled, eight are printed for the first time; the others are revised from previous publication in highbrow journals or privately-issued pamphlets. For the nonacademic reader, therefore, all are new. The title, however, may mislead. The new light shed on Johnson's life and personality is meager; the majority of the essays deal with special topics in his works. Among the biographical crumbs added to the record, Maurice J. Quinlan proves that Johnson and Franklin met at least once, as

—From an engraving by Thomas Rowlandson, courtesy of the British Museum.

Samuel Johnson and James Boswell walking up High St., Edinburgh, August 14, 1773, — "Moral ups and downs."

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fellow-members of a London philanthropic society, but if the meeting struck off any sparks they have been forgotten.

Similar oblivion surrounds the more surprising discovery that Boswell suppressed a couple of journal entries of 1753 which make it plain that Johnson, in the second year after his wife's death, thought seriously of remarrying. But having made this discovery, Donald and Mary Hyde, the authors of the article, can get no further. They devote two-thirds of their paper to a rundown on Johnson's known women friends, seeking the likeliest candidate for the role of second wife, only to conclude that none of them fits the requirements. This is negative scholarship.

Frederick Pottle encounters the same absence of light in discussing the "dark hints" dropped by Boswell and Sir John Hawkins that Johnson, in his early days in London, may not have been strictly monogamous. But the hints remain only hints; nothing to elucidate them survives among the documents. Mr. Pottle, however, offers a reasonable conjecture to explain Boswell's uncharacteristic vagueness: he dared not cite his source because his information came from clandestine reading of the diaries which Johnson destroyed.

So far, then, as personal biography is concerned the new light shed on Johnson is of fairly low candle-power. But Johnson's thoughts are far from being exhausted. Two of the most provocative essays in the volume are "Personification Reconsidered," by Bertrand Bronson of the University of California, and "Dr. Johnson's Spectacles," by M. H. Abrams of Cornell. Both aim at a more sympathetic understanding of eighteenth-century poetic diction and poetic criticism. Mr. Abrams points out that the Johnsonian pronouncements—on Milton, for instance, and Gray—which most upset modern readers—were the natural product of the critical theories on which he was reared. Mr. Bronson goes further. He explains why, in the eighteenth century and earlier, "the personified abstraction wielded so potent, and so satisfying, an appeal." For the past century and a half, he says, poets have overdone egocentricity; perhaps the next turn of critical fashion may bring us back to a new version of the old Johnsonian way.

Book in the News

ONE OF the most difficult tasks any author can perform is to write a book that cannot be put down once one has started reading it—particularly when its theme is a pitiable cry in a wilderness. Farley Mowat has succeeded in achieving this with **"The Desperate People"** (Little, Brown, $4.50), a well-written, sensitive, and lucid account of one of the most horrible sidelights of modern history.

It is hard, if not impossible, even to attempt to review a book when its contents raise your most elemental passions to such a white heat that you find tears in your eyes over and over again—tears as much of frustration as of horror and fury. Yet this book was never by the wildest stretch of imagination intended as a tear-jerker. To the contrary, it is a straightforward report and documented by the author with tape-recordings of the accounts of those persons whose personal histories are chronicled therein. Withal, the book is a righteous howl of anguish on the part of a man with a soul, rendered the more dramatically ghastly by the fact that he predicted these events almost to the sentence eight years ago. It is a damning indictment of just about every aspect of our culture, ethics, and religion—but most of all of our blazing stupidity and its outcome.

In 1952 Mr. Mowat wrote a book entitled "The People of the Deer," which was a startling document about his first-hand investigations of the then-current situation of the inland Eskimos of the Keewatin District of Canada's Northwest Territories. It was a pretty ghastly book, too, in the sense that it showed the actual decimation of these people by rapacious idiots unwilling or unable even to read the reports of their own scientists on the biological changes in that country.

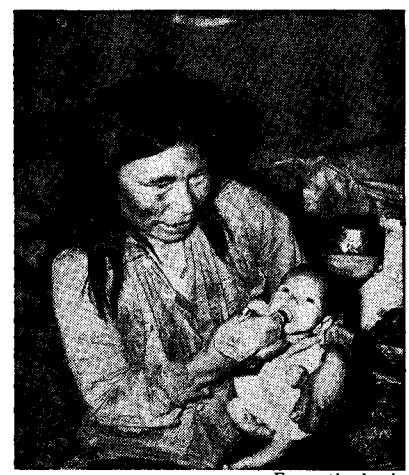
To sum it up, the inland Eskimos had since time immemorial depended almost wholly on the annual migrations of the vast Woodland Caribou herds. These herds were fast vanishing and so the people were dying of starvation. Mr. Mowat predicted that unless something was done, and immediately, and in proper proportions, this entire race of people would be deliberately starved out of existence. Now they have been—except for sixty-five, who by a series of miracles and real Christian endeavor on the part of an outsider—a nonofficial and a mine-manager—were saved, to be belatedly helped by the newly-constituted relief and rehabilitation organization of the government.

This book is the story of the ruthless extermination of these proud little people over the last decade by the four insensate forces of stupidity: the government; the two churches (Catholic and Protestant); the much-vaunted Royal Canadian Mounted Police, entrusted with the affairs of these people, and the Hudson's Bay Company, which alone seems to have at least once or twice *tried* to do something. While in the opinion of this reviewer, Mr. Mowat leans over backwards to be fair to these groups, pointing out that their executives and executors were probably all basically men of good will, and, while this may be true, it is still no excuse for outright stupidity and obtuseness. One had always thought of Canada as a fine land with a heart and above-average intelligence in moral and political matters. I can only say, and I *can* say it as a Britisher, that I am both nauseated and appalled.

There are many damning quotes in this book. The pay-off is probably that of a government official, a Dr. Porsild, who stated, after the publication of Mr. Mowat's former book, "I am sure that Farley Mowat is pleased with [an] award and perhaps a little amused too—for he has a keen sense of humor—that his plea for 'the understanding help without which these people will vanish from the earth' has been heard. What worries me is that the Ihalmiut [the inland Eskimos concerned] people never did exist except in Mowat's imagination." So speaks authority, science, religion, and non-Eskimo "humanity." Not only the Ihalmiuts' existence but their plight has been fully documented for almost two decades in the files of the Canadian Government's departments concerned with their affairs.

The book itself is clear and unpretentious. Moreover, the publishers are to be congratulated both for the neatness of their production and their courage in releasing it. "The Desperate People" makes most engrossing reading, but I must warn you that, unless you are completely insensible to pure horror, you are in for a profound emotional experience. Accounts of millions deliberately killed in prison camps are bad enough, but the story of a gentle people just as deliberately starved into virtual extinction in the name of "kindness" and religious "soul-saving" is so utterly disgusting that it comes very close to destroying any respect one may have remaining for our own race.

—IVAN SANDERSON



—From the book.

Ihalmiut mother with her undernourished child — "a righteous howl of anguish."

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Saturday Review

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Is Literacy Passe?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *this guest editorial was written by Father Walter J. Ong, a Jesuit priest who is professor of English at St. Louis University, in St. Louis, Missouri.*

IT MAY be that we have come to the end of the Gutenberg era. The electronic age may not yet have made printing obsolete, but it certainly has ended the monopoly-rule of published matter over our habits of thinking.

Our "typographical culture" began about five hundred years ago with the invention of the printing press, which enabled handwritten documents to be duplicated rapidly, thus facilitating the swift diffusion of ideas; but more importantly, the press changed our sense of what thinking itself is. To gauge the extent of that change we need only reflect on the communications systems used by preliterate and pre-typographical man.

Preliterate man knew no history in our sense of the term. His knowledge of the past was limited pretty much to what his parents and grandparents or great-grandparents could tell him. He lived in a voice-and-ear culture. His knowledge was stored in the mind, and when verbalized was communicated primarily by the voice and by other sounds. But sound, the ground of all verbal communication, is time-bound and evanescent. It exists only while it is passing out of existence. I cannot pronounce the last part of a word until the first part no longer exists. The alphabet—which appeared quite late in history, around 2000 B.C.—reduces the evanescence of sound in time to relative permanence in space. Pictures also do this, in a way. They enable us to recall an image or a concept, and thereby the word. But the alphabet turns the picture process inside out and upside down. It breaks the sound itself up into little spatial parts, which it reassembles on a surface in countless configurations. The alphabet thus had a revolutionary effect on our thinking processes.

However, the tug of habit is a strong one: the oral-and-aural tradition persisted long after the adoption and eventual spread of the alphabet. When, a few decades before Christ, Marcus Tullius Cicero wanted to bring Greek knowledge to the somewhat backward Romans of his day, he did not read scrolls in order to master that knowledge, but rather went to Greece to listen to the lecturers and orators of that country. Significantly, Cicero used to speak his orations aloud, then write then down as a kind of afterthought.

With the dawn of the European Middle Ages, Western man developed a "manuscript culture." Medieval scholars could not listen to Rome's learned men as Cicero had "audited" those of Greece. So they pored through handwritten manuscripts: medieval culture produced the bookworm. However, it also retained massive oral-aural commitments. We know from Saint Augustine that men of his time continued to read aloud even when they were reading to themselves. Words were worth little unless they could be vocalized. In the medieval universities written exercises beyond the level of elementary instruction were absolutely unknown. Written texts abounded, but they were used as take-off points for speeches, for lectures, or for "disputations," highly organized verbal tilts in which the students proved their mastery of logic, physics, and other subjects. Yet despite the persistence of this oral-aural cast of mind, medieval culture was preeminently a manuscript culture, a fact which prepared the way for printing and which perhaps made printing inevitable For printing was and is a cheap way of producing what a manuscript culture wanted—something to read.

After the invention of the printing press, man's whole way of thinking about his own intellectual processes changes subtly. The "spatial parts" embodied in the alphabet are made even more maneuverable by the press's movable type, and are given greater permanence by its fonts. Thinking processes are now taken to be concerned with getting things into an order comparable with that observed in a printed book. Thought begins to have "content" just as books have tables of contents—a concept quite foreign to medieval and ancient man, for whom truth was not commonly associated with some kind of containment or boxing process, but rather with communication or teaching ("doctrine").

In our time a new drift, away from the "typographical" and toward the "oral-and-aural" culture, toward the world of sound, has definitely set in. As human society, despite its swelling size, becomes more closely knit around the globe, sound asserts itself more and more, supplemented and augmented by such marvels as the telephone, TV, rapid transportation systems, and earth satellites which speak to us in tiny, beep-beeping voices.

As a corollary of this deep-rooted transformation, language itself is undergoing a profound overhauling. Grammar, which is based upon the written word, is giving way to linguistics, a discipline rooted in the spoken word, i.e., the word at first hand instead of at one remove.

In philosophical circles interest is veering away from logic to dialogue, from thinking conceived of as a private, silent affair, to thinking seen in its full social and public setting. There is a growing awareness that science itself at any moment is only arrested dialogue, and that the difference between what we know and what men five hundred years ago knew, or between what we know and what men a hundred thousand years from now will know, can be charted not in terms of men's private thoughts but in terms of what they have said to one another.

The new world will not forget the old. It never does. Printing is here to stay. But now, more than ever, it is only one part of a constellation of activities. Its monopoly is broken.

—WALTER J. ONG.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

REYNARD RAMPANT

In all the tut-tutting and indignation over the TV quiz show rigging and the weak moral fiber of contestants, I have yet to see parallels drawn with the countless deceptions daily foisted upon the public and accepted as compatible with American ethics. The list of for-instances could be a yard long, ranging from the ghosted speeches of public officials and books purporting to be written by the "Name" on the cover to fake "bargains" in the stock market or stores.

We have with us today, more active than ever, that hero of medieval folklore, Reynard the Fox, with his philosophy that any trickery is justified if not found out and with his assurance that, even when discovered, he will be viewed by many with admiration or envy or hypocritical shock or sentimental indulgence. When a Congressman says on the radio that the TV quiz scandal is especially reprehensible because so much money is involved, something basic in our thinking is strangely warped.

Irene H. Wilson.

New York, N. Y.

CIARDI CHIVVIED

Congratulations on your Nov. 14 issue, which completely omits from its otherwise distinguished pages a single sample of those blobs of syllabic imbecility which are miscalled "poems" by your miscalled "poetry" editor. I hope you will further spare us the nausea and disgust aroused by such prosodic drivel.

Winthrop Parkhurst.

Staten Island, N. Y.

KUDOS FOR KUH

I wish to take this opportunity to tell you how pleased we were to hear of Katharine Kuh's appointment as art critic for *SR*. The fact that *SR* has never given much space or importance to the visual arts has always been questioned by long-time subscribers like ourselves. The fact that science, music, and literature were given prominence over art seems shortsighted and somewhat backward considering the interest and participation in museum attendance and art buying today. I hope that there will be more articles, reviews, and a general supplementation to the art magazines in *SR* in the future.

Gertrude Ethe.

New York, N. Y.

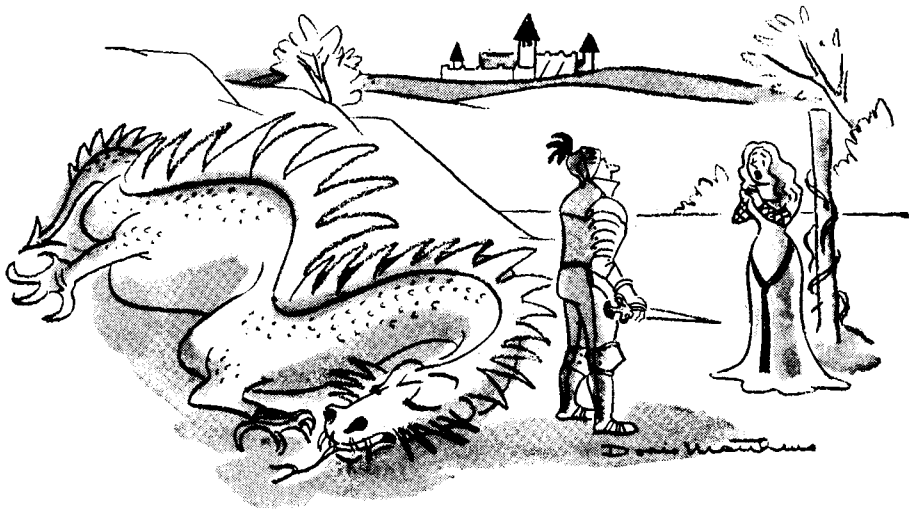
WRIGHT WRONGED

I do not completely disagree with Katharine Kuh's misgivings concerning the appropriateness of Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim Art Museum [*SR* Nov. 7]. However, I would suggest that the works of art and the architecture which embraces them should together make a statement, with neither element recessive, thereby enriching the total experience of looking at art.

I do not, therefore, agree with Mrs. Kuh's premise that museum architecture should always play the retiring role. In the case of the Guggenheim, I think anyone seriously interested in looking at the art will do so, and find himself stimulated, rather than distracted by the dramatic environment.

Dan R. Fox.

Minneapolis, Minn.



"I appreciate the gesture, Sir Gawaine, but I'm already married."

NEW DOCUDRAMA IN TOWN

Those who have followed the story of the *Golden Rule* and its skipper, Bert Bigelow (whose book "Golden Rule" has just been published), will be interested to know that he has taken on the role of narrator for "Which Way the Wind," a "docudrama" which has been playing to responsive audiences throughout the country. It will be performed in New York on November 27 at the International House. Because of lack of funds to publicize this performance adequately, we would appreciate it if *SR* readers would inform their friends. One of the leading drama critics has written, "Nobody who is seriously concerned about the future of our planet can afford to miss the message."

Bob Gilmore.

New York, N. Y.

SNUBBED BY SIR ERNEST

My congratulations on your issue "The Creative Arts in Canada" [*SR* Oct. 24]. As these articles were written to inform the public of what is happening in "music education" in Canada, Sir Ernest MacMillan should be reminded that in Montreal, beside the McGill University, there is also the Montreal University, which has a music faculty equal to any in Canada. And since Sir Ernest mentioned that in Canada each province has its own autonomy, why ignore, but completely, the gigantic efforts of the Province of Quebec to promote education?

Since 1943, Montreal has had a Conservatory of Music, and Quebec City, since 1944. The important and extraordinary factor is that *tuition is free,* since this is a government-subsidized institution. In the history of Canada, this is the first and only conservatory of its kind to be subsidized by the government.

In some departments, this conservatory by quality of its teaching, is one of the best in the world. It seems to me that such achievements deserve recognition.

Wilfred Pelletier.

New York, N. Y.

UNENVIOUS ARCHITECT

Ed Stone's article on Frank Lloyd Wright was straight from the shoulder—and your treatment of it does credit to your judgment. Great men are rare enough, not least in the arts; all of us in the reading public will gain by knowing that one architect can honestly admire another, and add to his stature by doing so.

Edgar Kaufmann, Jr.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

SPACE AGE MORALITY

The sanity and rationality expressed in the editorial "Space Ships and Human Destiny" [*SR*, Sept. 26] calls attention to our incredible inconsistency. We need such continuing calls to turn us from our petty nationalisms to an enlightened sensitivity of our worldwide community.

The time to worry is not when Russia has surpassed our space technology, but rather when we have lost the moral strength to continue analyzing ourselves with the same calm perspective as was shown in this editorial.

David H. Finke.

Oberlin, Ohio

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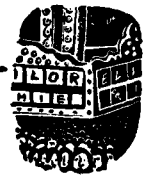

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Biography

"IVAN THE TERRIBLE, Part II" was the last work of Sergei Eisenstein, and although completed in 1945 it was withheld from exhibition in the Soviet Union until last year. The ban seems to have stemmed directly from the Central Committee of the Communist Party; Eisenstein was criticized for his portrait of Ivan as a brooding, suspicious, indecisive leader, and there were rumors that the movie was felt to reflect the personality of Stalin as well as the Czar. The negative was preserved, however, and was found, when released in Russia, to contain a short color sequence, the only work in that medium done by Eisenstein. Now that we have it on view here, the film appears to be more of a curiosity than anything else, filled with plots rather than plot, done in a style that is supposedly monumental, and containing much rolling of eyes by leading Soviet actors, including the famous Nikolai Cherkassov, who plays Ivan.

There is a prologue made up of shots from Part I that quickly (and, I'm afraid, confusingly) covers Ivan's coronation, his struggles with the boyars, his campaigns against foreign enemies, and the poisoning of his wife by his aunt, Efrosinia. From that point on there is much brooding by Ivan, with the camera focusing on Cherkassov's eyes as he first turns them west, then east, and then vaguely southeast. Other actors appear and roll their eyes, among them Andrei Abrikosov, as Philip, Metropolitan of Moscow. Heads move towards each other, and assassinations take place, leading towards the plot to murder Ivan, who tricks a nephew into being murdered in his stead. The color sequence is the banquet scene, during which Ivan does some stupendously obvious stage managing.

Perhaps it all has more meaning for the Russians (it is *their* history, after all) but as film-making it is slow-paced to the point of discomfort, and whatever monumentalism was intended seems to have degenerated into the operatic, without benefit of music. "Ivan" was originally planned as a trilogy, but Eisenstein, a few years after completing Part II, died of a series of heart attacks, and it is unfortunate, and indicative perhaps of the troubles he ran into with party dogma and interference, that he could not have left behind something more fascinating as a final work. Subtitles provided for the version shown here do not provide much clarification nor do they make for interesting reading.

"Rosemary," based on the life of Rosemary Nitribitt, a famous Frankfurt prostitute who was murdered two years ago, has been a great success in Germany, presumably because it mirrors the prosperity, comfort, and contentment of West Germany's new class of businessmen. Conceived along satiric lines, the movie chronicles the rise to prosperity of a girl who found her best customers among plump, well-groomed industrialists, to whom she provided a willing ear for their problems, as well as physical surcease. Erich Kuby's script, and Rolf Thiele's direction, tell the story in a style based partly on the cartoon and partly on Kurt Weill. A couple of seedy young fellows interrupt the action periodically to sing ballads that sound vaguely disillusioned and bitter, and there is a great deal made of a revolving door (the entrance to a hotel) that squeaks in a peculiar way.

The businessmen who more or less adopt Rosemary (Nadja Tiller) parade around in shiny black Mercedes 300S's, and have periodic trysts with the girl, who listens, takes down what she hears, and sells the information to rival industrialists. Meanwhile, on a more realistic level, she attempts to achieve a respectable place in society by marrying one of her rich customers. In the story, too, is a haunted young man who hands people religious leaflets, and becomes fascinated by the girl, who drives her own sports-model Mercedes. I wish I could be clearer about what the story signifies, but I frankly couldn't make head or tail of it. The girl is murdered by someone who wanders into camera range at the last moment, the balladeers sadly sing another verse, and the parade of 300S's is seen once more on the street. I think I enjoyed most a scene in which several wives of the industrialists jump fully clothed into a swimming pool during a decorous, fashionable party, but I don't know what that meant either. The last, and least cryptic, note is provided by a girl who wanders into the hotel (through the weirdly squeaking revolving door) and begins to swing a shapely leg. Making a movie about empty lives sometimes results in an empty movie—as in this case—and the satirical touches, as well as the attempt at stylization, seem, without a clear premise, to amount to little more than pretension.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Debut of Moffo, Amara as Aida

THE KIND of accomplishment that is rewarding to all concerned made mid-November a bright week for American singing talent not only in the opera house but also in the concert hall. There were, naturally, differences and distinctions in the kind of achievement credited to Anna Moffo in her Metropolitan debut as Violetta, Cornel MacNeil singing his first father Germont at the Metropolitan and Lucine Amara venturing Aida, as well as Leontyne Price's maiden effort as a soloist with the Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall, but they had some substantial virtues in common, such as excellent vocal material, sound musicianship and a thoroughly professional approach to their tasks.

For three of the four acts of "Traviata," it appeared that Miss Moffo, who as recently as 1954 won a contest sponsored by the Philadelphia Orchestra by singing the one aria she knew ("Un bel di"), would exceed not only the expectable but also the improbable. Slender and good-looking, she made a convincing Violetta to the eye before she offered anything to the ear. When she did, Miss Moffo showed herself completely at ease in the vocal requirements of Act I, gliding surely through its florid convolutions, also commanding a degree of breadth and appeal in the middle register which is not common among young lyric-coloratura sopranos. Top tones up to E flat were no problem for her, and her actions did no violence to the concept of a courtesan both twenty-three and tubercular.

Miss Moffo sustained this believability through Acts II and III, thanks to good use of the breadth of sound previously mentioned (for "Dite alla giovine" and "Ama mi, Alfredo") and also to the strong vocalizing of MacNeil, who owed his opportunity to the indisposition of Robert Merrill. Violetta has not much to do in Act III, and what was required of her Miss Moffo did capably (the voice has a silvery resonance that carries well, though it is rather on the slender side). In Act IV, however, Miss Moffo came squarely up to the problem that has plagued Violettas for decades. Those who have the vivacity and sparkle for the early going rarely possess the tragic accent for the letter scene and "Addio del Passato": those who do, are inclined to lumber through the party music. On the whole, it would seem within physical resource for Miss Moffo to broaden her sound and darken its color for the latter necessity, but, at this time, it is clear that she has more talent for living in song than dying. Believability departed, to be replaced by an all-too-vigorous young person acting the part of a consumptive *in extremis*. Considering what she has accomplished in an incredibly short time, more should be readily within Miss Moffo's reach.

MacNeil's solid, beautifully sonorous Germont (a little lacking, yet, in character projection) was only one of the virtues that made this "Traviata" rewarding. Another was the conducting of Nino Verchi, who added to the good report of his "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" a considerable respect for his command of the give-and-take which must underlie a flexible, fluent performance of "Traviata" (especially in its dramatic interchanges). Verchi takes what is the conductor's due in the instrumental preludes to Acts I and IV, but also gives, artistically, to the singer when circumstances warrant. This is something that Metropolitan performances of Verdi have more often wanted than boasted in recent years, and it was good to hear one which implied neither weakness nor domination but serious, sound mutuality. The whole would have been improved by a tenor better suited to Alfredo's music than Cesare Valletti, who is, simply, not of the vocal stature for this part.

Whether, for that matter, Lucine Amara's is the voice wanted for Aida was not resolved in her first effort, good as it was in many respects. There was an appealing freshness not only in her sound but also in her dramatic demeanor. At present, however, Miss Amara is most comfortable—and very persuasive to hear—in the intimate, confiding aspects of the character, rather than in its moments of despair or defiance. If she can build on this foundation without sacrificing the values she commands, Miss Amara's Aida could be both personable and effective.

There could, for that matter, be an Aida of real stature in the voice which Leontyne Price brought to her singing of Samuel Barber's setting of James Agee's "Knoxville: Summer 1915" with Thomas Schippers conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra. For this assignment it tended to be a little overpowering, though there was artistry in her concern for detail, a strong sense of meaning in her projection of the text. Less of a forthright attack, more of an oblique insinuation would have aided her purpose. Schipper's portion of the

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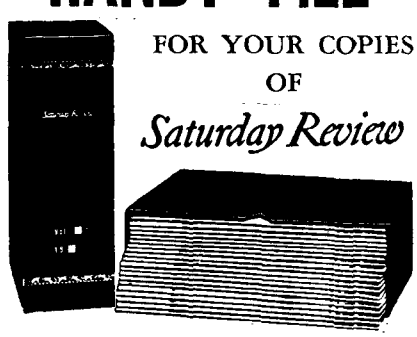

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program began with a Concerto Grosso attributed to Durante (18th century) and also included a spirited, but nervously propulsive, pass at Strauss's "Don Juan" and a rough brush with Beethoven's C minor Symphony.

The career-problems of a cellist being what they are, it helps to have, in addition to talent, training, and a broad range of interpretative sympathies, the interest of a good sponsor. Mstislav Rostropovich, who returned to Carnegie Hall recently, has one of the best—the Soviet Union, which has been promoting him in a manner to suggest parity with Gilels, Oistrakh, and Kogan. Whether this will enable him to overcome the lapses of public interest that derive from a limited repertory and—for some tastes—a sound of limited appeal, *is something else again.*

Relative to his command of the mechanics of the instrument, Rostropovich is entitled to the esteem he governmentally enjoys and the company he professionally keeps. He rarely plays out of tune, he avoids the stress and strain which results in rasps and scrapes, his playing of such works as the opus 99 sonata of Brahms (F major) and the fifth suite of Bach (C major) is honestly musical and artistically sound. But, on third or fourth hearing, Rostropovich's art does not impress this listening ear as more than intellectually sparse and tempermentally pallid, devoid of that personal impulse which converts the well-meaning into the irresistible.

Pursuing the subject a bow-length further, his playing strikes me as deficient in two vital respects: a restricted dynamic range, which tends to make everything he plays sound similar, and a rather quiescent rhythmic impulse. Neither is immediately disaffecting, but, in the aggregate, they leave more than ample margin for wandering attention and lack of interest. Alexander Dedukhin made his presence at the piano felt.

—Irving Kolodin

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FICTION

Assessments of the Finely Aware

"Happy Families Are All Alike," by Peter Taylor *(McDowell, Obolensky. 305 pp. $3.95), a collection of short stories, most frequently reveals the changing society of the American South and Midwest. William Peden, who frequently comments on contemporary fiction, teaches in the English Department at the University of Missouri.*

By William Peden

IN "GUESTS," one of Peter Taylor's most moving short stories, a middle-aged Tennessee lawyer, contemplating the dead body of his elderly cousin, reflects that "here is such a person as I might have been, and I am such a one as he might have been." Thinking further about the recent curious fusing of his own identity with that of his "country cousin," the lawyer concludes that he had been drawn to the old man because they shared a common heritage.

They came, both of them, from the same "country"—a region that was not merely a geographical place, so and so many miles from Nashville, but a way of life: "the old ways, the old life, where people had real grandfathers and real children, and where love was something that could endure the light of day . . . Our trouble was . . . we were lost without the old realities."

The story is characteristic of most of the selections in "Happy Families Are All Alike." Regardless of their settings —in or around Nashville, or St. Louis, or Paris, or "Chatham" ("not thoroughly Middle Western and not thoroughly Southern either")—Mr. Taylor's leisurely short stories are concerned with moments of revelation, awareness, or insight in the lives of his various characters.

Thus, in "A Friend and Protector," which deals with the interacting relationships and influences between the members of a white family and a Negro servant, the narrator finally realizes that the story of black Jesse's ruined life is also the story of his "aunt's pathetically unruined life, and my uncle's too, and even my own." Indeed, in a moment of tense revelation while the crazy Negro crouches like a mad animal beneath his uncle's desk, the youth concludes that the whites have, in effect, forced

Peter Taylor — Shades of Henry James.

Jesse's destruction upon him because they were unknowingly so dissatisfied with the "pale *unruin*" of their own lives.

Similarly, after months of failing to understand the inner nature of his own adolescent son, the middle-aged father of "Promise of Rain" finally realizes what it means to see the world through another human being's eyes. Only then, he knows, do the experiences of his own life have any meaning; only then does the world "begin to tell you things about yourself."

MR. TALYOR works efficiently and perceptively within a literary tradition which has its origins in the stories of Henry James. He examines his characters' lives and assesses their meaning in terms of the conflicts imposed by heredity and environment, by the conflicting values of past and present, by agrarian as opposed to urban values, or by the warfare between intellect and emotion. His stories succeed because his characters and their worlds are real, moving, and convincing. In each story there is always at least one character who becomes "finely aware" (the phrase is Henry James's) of the situations in which they find themselves. It is this fine awareness that gives the "maximum of sense" to what befalls them, which makes these quietly effective stories so meaningful to the reader.

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—WEBSTER SCHOTT,
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A Fearless Fifteen

***"Fiction of the Fifties," edited by Herbert Gold** (Doubleday. 383 pp. $3.95), represents a decade of short-story writing through the works of selected exponents. Mark Harris, assistant professor of Language Arts at San Francisco State College, is the author of seven novels, among them "Bang the Drum Slowly," "Something About a Soldier," and most recently "Wake Up, Stupid."*

By Mark Harris

IN THE gruesomely hilarious story with which this volume closes, a young man from Elyria, Ohio, his artistic heart shattered, leaps out of a high window. In America, with its shelves of abundance, all kinds of suicide are available. The writer may pick and choose.

The harder task is to remain at his craft. It is less sensational than leaping, one makes less of a splash, ascent is so much more difficult than descent, while grim people discourage him on every hand, saying, "Not much fiction is worth reading these days. It is no match for the newspapers." And of course this is true. It was always true.

Now Herbert Gold, picking and choosing among the pages of the fiction of the expiring decade, brings home in his shopping bag fifteen stories he has liked especially well, rescuing from the onslaught of quantity 400 pages of merit. In America, where the shelves are so long and so high, we should be drowned if someone did not now and then select with taste to show us what's really there.

Here are fifteen American writers who refused to shatter and leap. Mention more names, soon you have three dozen: this is by no means a poor thing to say of a decade. The men and one woman of this book, born a little this side or that of 1920, products of the Depression and war, came to artistic maturity in the decade of the Fifties. For a long time they were sustained by nobody but themselves: they stayed with it, wrote, wrote, wrote. Now all of a sudden it must be said that these are the few to whom we must look, the principal body of the group nobody sustained except themselves. It knew the trick of survival, looking down but never leaping.

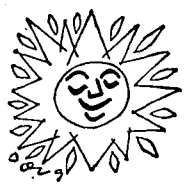
Obviously, these people have learned something of the danger of life, and how to say what they know, and how to tell us what it was that mattered—not outer space, not the question of institutions, not causes nor Causes, but the question "How did it feel to be alive and moving through the Fifties?"

After all, we are not really interested in outer space. We know what's there. What we want to know is how that one man will feel when he is launched out into it, how it feels to *be*.

Here is a fine portrait of how it felt in the Fifties: how James Baldwin felt in Harlem, and Saul Bellow felt, listening with both ears in Bughouse Square; how it was for Anatole Broyard while papa lay dying of cancer, and for R. V. Cassill remembering when mama scrambled for the big Goodyear money in Iowa; how for John Cheever and Evan Connell in the suburbs of New York or Parallel, Kansas; for William Eastlake in New Mexico, and for George Elliott among some people called Dangs; there is Herbert Gold's history of a marriage that failed; Leo Litwak's memory of an incident of war, and Bernard Malamud's Jew looking for love; here is how it was for Flannery O'Connor's little country boy lost in the city, J. F. Powers's Catholics in Cadillacs, and Frank Rooney's goggled men on motorcycles. And then there was Harvey Swados's shattered artist from Elyria.

Some of them tell it better than others, here and there a bumpy passage: even in America all writers are not born equal. But who can quibble? Everybody here is writing hard, facing up to the best he feels. There are no whores, nobody with his eye really on a Broadway musical, no contempt for the reader. Everybody here is much too excited about life to leap out of it, too serious to be trivial, too humorous to be dull; stylish but never merely pretty; good hands, good ears. For four dollars you can't hardly buy this kind of thing no more.

DAY AT THE ZOO: In **"The Caretakers"** (Simon & Schuster, $4.50), a first novel by Dariel Telfer, the title figures are the doctors, nurses, and attendants attached to a state mental institution. Bounded by the egoistic passions that the author allots them, they are behind bars far more dispiriting than those that shut in the patients. The insane are merely ill, while the sane are mentally and emotionally deficient. The result is somewhat reminiscent of Mary Poppins's birthday at the zoo where the animals shut the people in the cages. Perhaps it is true that people drawn to work in mental institutions are abnormal, or become so under the terrible pressures involved. In any case, Miss Telfer's very limited skill as a novelist and weaver of illusion fails to make any convincing point. The caretakers practise rape, murder, brutality, and deceit, and yet they are wrapped in the fuzzy cotton of sentimental romance. They fall in love on sight and



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING

A. Grove Day of the University of Hawaii at Honolulu is interested in books whose titles include his surname. He asks you to match the following twenty titles with their proper authors. Answers on page 39.

1.	"Day of Doom"	( ) Jim Bishop
2.	"Day of Infamy"	( ) Van Wyck Brooks
3.	"Day of the Locust"	( ) G. W. Cable
4.	"Days and Nights"	( ) Brendan Gill
5.	"Days of Our Years"	( ) Eleanor Glyn
6.	"Days of the Phoenix"	( ) W. D. Howells
7.	"Days of Wrath"	( ) David Starr Jordan
8.	"Long Day's Journey Into Night"	( ) Rudyard Kipling
9.	"My Day"	( ) Walter Lord
10.	"Old Creole Days"	( ) André Malraux
11.	"Six Days"	( ) Eugene O'Neill
12.	"Specimen Days"	( ) Pierre Van Paassen
13.	"Ten Days That Shook the World"	( ) Katherine Anne Porter
14.	"The Day Christ Died"	( ) John Reed
15.	"The Day of Their Wedding"	( ) Eleanor Roosevelt
16.	"The Day on Fire"	( ) Konstantin Simonov
17.	"The Days Before"	( ) James Ramsey Ullman
18.	"The Days of a Man"	( ) Nathanael West
19.	"The Day's Work"	( ) Walt Whitman
20.	"The Day the Money Stopped"	( ) Michael Wigglesworth

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lose weight while pining for unsuspecting loved ones. They "shake hard" with love, hate, lust, fear, and fatigue. Sometimes there are even two caretakers shaking on the same page.

—ELIZABETH BAYARD.

ROMAN HOLIDAY: The American tourist abroad has been a favorite subject for novelists and short-story writers throughout the history of American letters. In the novels of Henry James this intrepid explorer of the Old World represents innocence and goodness threatened by the seductive powers of a sophisticated European society. Certain contemporary writers, going a step further, have depicted him as something of a buffoon, clumsy, insensitive, the grossness of his naïveté more than his deplorable lack of taste and linguistic ability condemning him to remain forever on the outside. In her collection of short stories, **"The Small Mosaics of Mr. and Mrs. Engel"** (Doubleday, $3.95), Patricia Collinge writes of this rather clichéd figure neither condescendingly nor satirically, but with a gentle and refreshing humor, a tender understanding.

Mr. and Mrs. Engel are a middle-aged couple, traveling to Europe for the first time, who, during the course of their trip, learn something not only about Italy, but about themselves. Mrs. Engel's innocence, her "joy in the very idea of Rome," is given shape and meaning by the wholeness of her sympathy and her quite irrepressible zest for experience. It is her yearning to be a part of whatever she sees, to "communicate," as she puts it, that exposes her mercilessly to the difficulties and anguish that the process of learning inevitably brings. "But the funny thing was," she says about the child in Palermo who spat on her, "I wanted to apologize to *her*." And Mr. Engel, in his slow, inticulate, rather more inhibited way, arrives at the same point of awareness through his desire to please and help his wife. It is the mosaic of their marriage with which the reader is confronted, just as Mr. and Mrs. Engel, standing off from the glittering, complicated pieces of colored glass, begin dimly to make out a picture, not just of "the incomprehensible city" which is Rome, but of that richer and more mysterious domain of the human heart.

The last section of the book, entitled "Ladies to the Center," is a collection of sketches, slighter, more obvious, and on the whole less interesting than the Engel stories.

—CONSTANCE PENDERAST.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 858

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 858 will be found in the next issue.

HCFTA H CTWWLN

DTFO CHBLKO PF

ELTOG'F FHMT WLGD

CLA OLBTLGT FL XLX

KZ FRHF KOTE FL

OPF XQ RPB HF

OSRLLW.

—MPG RKXXHAE.

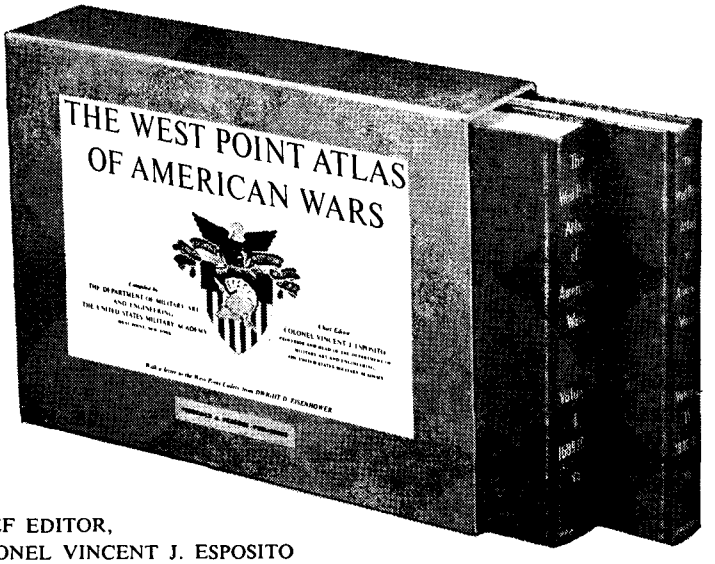
———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 857

Get your facts first, and then you can distort them as much as you please.

—MARK TWAIN.

THE WEST POINT ATLAS OF AMERICAN WARS



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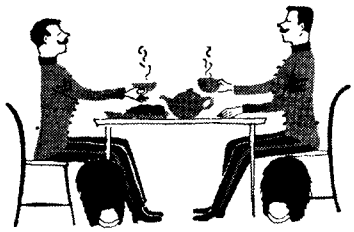

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"A Psychiatrist's World: The Selected Papers of Karl Menninger, M.D.," edited by Bernard H. Hall, M.D. *(Viking. 931 pp. $10), and* ***"Psychoanalysis and Psychotherapy: Selected Papers of Frieda Fromm-Reichmann," edited by Dexter M. Bullard*** *(University of Chicago Press. 350 pp. $7.50), are both forceful expositions of frontier thinking about mental therapy. Edward M. L. Burchard teaches psychology at Queens College.*

—*H. V. Lyle.*

Karl Menninger—Sixty-fifth birthday gift.

By Edward M. L. Burchard

PROBABLY the best-known name in American psychiatry is that of Dr. Karl Menninger. Dean of the famous Menninger Foundation School of Psychiatry in Topeka, Kansas, consultant to the Veterans Administration, and former president of the American Psychoanalytic Association, he has also found time, energy, and discipline to write books appealing to almost every level of psychological interest and sophistication.

In addition, he has written literally hundreds of papers, large and small, on a variety of topics so extensive that a mere reading of their titles (a listing of which requires seventeen pages of fine print) makes one realize that the world almost lost a fine essayist when he decided to become a physician. Since these papers have appeared in widely scattered journals over a period of forty years, Editor Bernard H. Hall has done a real service in selecting seventy-nine of them for reprinting in "A Psychiatrist's World." This labor of love is not only a gracious tribute to Dr. Menninger on his sixty-fifth birthday but it is also a gift to the reading public, who here has an opportunity to follow from the inside one of the great medical careers of our time. At the same time a valuable opportunity is afforded to review the history of American psychiatric thought during this period. Dr. Menninger's wide-ranging curiosity has always kept him abreast of the most advanced thinking at any particular time, and his papers are here arranged both topically and in rough chronological order.

At the beginning of his career, in 1919, we find him concerned with the relationship between psychosis and such infectious diseases as influenza and neurosyphilis. Somewhat later, reflecting the preoccupation of the period with descriptive psychiatry, he turned his attention to typical clinical syndromes and made painstaking studies of paranoia and the psychopathic personality. Beginning in the middle Thirties—under the stimulus of Freud's conceptions, which he embraced with characteristic enthusiasm—he investigated psychosomatic problems, tracing the unconscious factors in skin disorders, genitourinary conditions, and the common cold.

Accepting Freud's conception of the death instinct, he hypothesized aggressiveness as a primary, unlearned drive—an existential "given" of man's nature—of such strength and capable of manifestation in such protean forms that it must be given equal stress with sexual strivings in order to explain such varied forms of destructiveness as suicide, accident-proneness, alcoholism, capital punishment, the popularity of hunting, and our failure to prevent wanton destruction of our natural resources.

In his most recent papers Dr. Menninger has turned his rich experience again to the old problem of the nature of mental disease and has advanced the pregnant concept that there are no natural mental-disease entities but an essential unity of sickness and health, wherein the symptoms of mental disorder represent impairments in self-regulation—a temporary surrender of com-

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fort, production, and growth for the sake of survival at the best level possible to the individual. This approach erases the artificial distinction between the sick and the well and leaves room for recognizing the latent potentials of every individual.

In his attitude toward broad social problems Dr. Menninger likewise exemplifies a unitary view. Refusing to take refuge in psychiatric neutrality, he has spoken out vigorously in dozens of papers in favor of legal and penal reforms and has insisted that it is the function of the psychiatrist to serve as a public educator at every scholastic level.

ESPECIALLY to be recommended to the general reader is the section entitled "The Man," where his flashing insight, deft touch, and courage of conviction are illustrated by numerous informal essays, which are indeed gems. Here we see not the impartial scientist but the philosopher *en pantoufles* tilting a lance at our contemporary foibles, unequivocally praising a novel which has pleased him, or showing his respect for all mankind in such unforgettable phrases as "I'm prejudiced against prejudice against prejudice."

In contrast to the wide-ranging virtuosity of "A Psychiatrist's World," Dr. Frieda Fromm-Reichmann proves herself to be a "psychiatrist's psychiatrist" in her "Psychoanalysis and Psychotherapy," posthumously edited by Dexter M. Bullard, M.D. She came to the United States in 1935, after Hitler's anti-Semitic and antipsychoanalytic campaigns interrupted her career as a psychoanalyst in Germany, where she had worked with Georg Groddeck and Erich Fromm. Associating herself with Chestnut Lodge Sanitarium in Rockville, Md., she worked closely with the late Harry Stack Sullivan and became one of the leading exponents of the interpersonal approach to psychoanalysis. For twenty-two years she devoted herself to psychotherapy with psychotic patients, whom Freud had considered to be inaccessible to psychoanalysis.

The papers that she wrote in English, collected here, were originally published in technical books and journals and—with one exception—were written for the psychoanalyst who is treating psychotic patients. However, her clarity of expression, artful presentation of an intricately-patterned argument, and careful documentation of theoretical points with examples from therapy should make her book of great interest to the general reader who is seriously concerned with the problem of mental disorder. For the specialist who treats psychotic patients it constitutes a *vade mecum*.

Throughout the book, but especially

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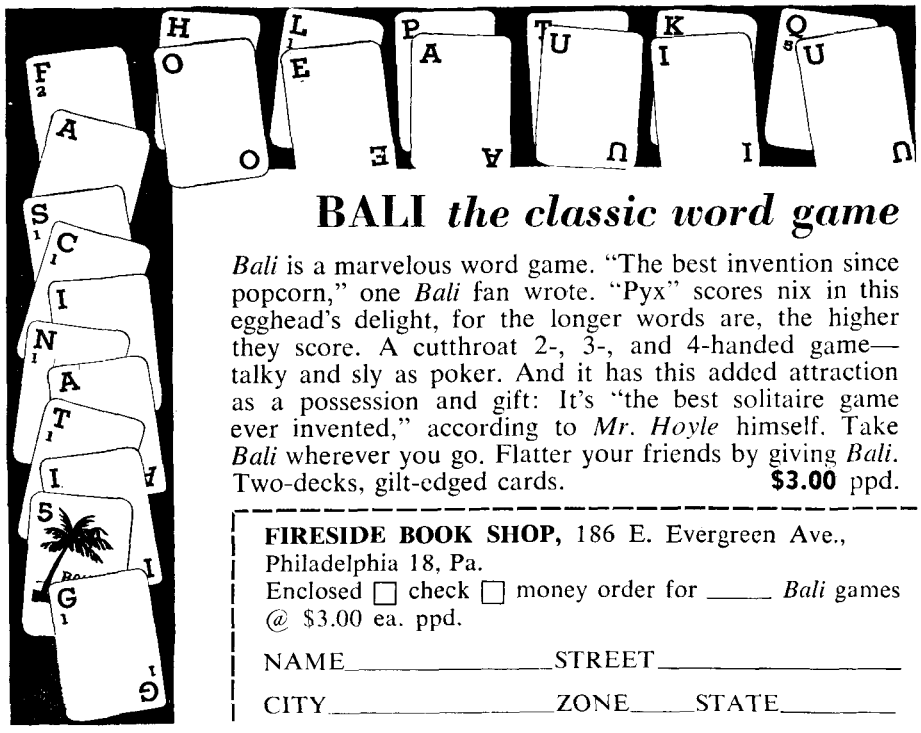

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in two papers on "The Philosophy of Mental Disorders," Dr. Fromm-Reichmann asserts that the emotional and mental expressions of the mentally ill differ only in degree and not in kind from those of so-called healthy people. From this it follows that even the severest and most chronic forms of mental illness may be amenable to psychoanalytic psychotherapy. However, she exhibits no easy optimism. In the eight papers "On Schizophrenia," which comprise a third of the book, she emphasizes the tremendous skill, sensitivity, and courage, as well as the almost superhuman patience, which are required for therapeutic success. Interweaving theory with therapeutic observations, Dr. Fromm-Reichmann presents in this section an interpersonal theory of schizophrenia, which she views not as an organic disease but as a spectacularly ineffectual attempt at adjustment to relations with other people.

She sees the schizophrenic as a person who has suffered severe traumatic experiences in early infancy, before his ability to evaluate reality has fully developed. To these he has reacted by a narcissistic retreat from which he views everyone with extreme suspicion and distrust. His lack of satisfaction for infantile dependency needs has enormously magnified the universal conflict between dependency and hostility and has led to discharge in symptom formation. Without experience in reality testing he overrates the effectiveness of his hostility and of his actual or fantasied violence and consequently suffers from an exaggerated guilt about both. With the aid of many examples from therapy, Dr. Fromm-Reichmann shows how the therapist may establish a dependable human relationship with the acutely sensitive patient, and how this relationship may then be utilized to decrease his narcissism, strengthen his reality testing, and gradually lead him to make more constructive use of his potentialities.

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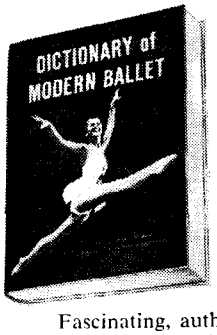

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Historic Papers

Continued from page 26

he appeared before the House of Lords as counsel for a Scottish schoolmaster called Hastie, who had been dismissed for whipping his boys too vigorously, and, in the late summer of 1774, he unsuccessfully defended a butcher called John Reid, who was tried for sheep-stealing and sentenced to death. The Reid trial, with its accompanying documents, takes up more than a quarter of the volume, and is worth the space. Boswell had behaved well: he had tried very hard, he had "ministered to the necessities" of his client while he was in prison, and he had put up a resolute and able defense for him in court. When it was all over, and he was waiting for the verdict, he noted in his journal: "I was in a kind of agitation, which is not without something agreeable, in an odd way of feeling."

Forgetting the whores and the moral indiscretions of one sort or another, it is surely for this sort of observation that we read Boswell. The present remarkable rise in Boswell stock is due no doubt to the series of revealing volumes which began in 1950 with "Boswell's London Journal"; but if they had appeared a hundred years ago Macaulay would have fallen upon them with all the reverberating eloquence of his moral indignation. The appeal of Boswell to the mid-twentieth century lies in the honesty of this self-examination, his determination to set down what he really felt, whether his feelings were creditable or not. "Mr. Elphinston it seems had a very great desire to be acquainted with me, and gave me more praise than even I could well take. However, it went down with me."

We cannot say that there was no nonsense about Boswell, for he was often highly nonsensical; but he never concealed from himself the sort of man that he was. Yet, as often as not, his introspective observation leaves us with no feeling of contempt for the man, but rather with a sense of admiration for the accuracy of his perception. When, for instance, he watched three criminals being hanged in succession in the Grassmarket at Edinburgh, he observed quite simply (but how difficult it is to be simple like this): "The execution of three criminals. Effect diminished as each went."

All this and a good deal else is discussed in Mr. Wimsatt's excellent introduction. How Boswell would have appreciated a copy of this book!

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 14, 6, 10, 20, 11, 15, 18, 19, 2, 7, 8, 5, 17, 13, 9, 4, 16, 3, 12, 1.

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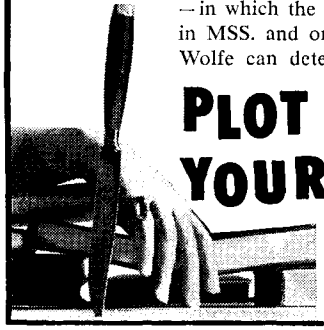

— in which the clues are in MSS. and only Nero Wolfe can detect them.

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St. Louis

Continued from page 18

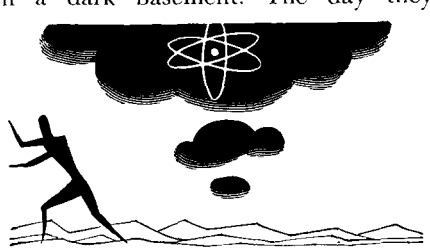
beans. We didn't at that point appreciate the packaged stuff, but a little later all the familiar bags and boxes—sugar, salt, flour, rice, etc.—disappeared. It seems that in the warehouses closer to the city most of the soft packages had burst and their contents had been badly contaminated by fallout.

Some cans had come apart at the seams too, but on the whole the canned stuff came through rather well.[30] Our diet got to be pretty peculiar, but we got along. It was the babies who were worst affected, since milk became all but unobtainable. Occasionally people did manage to get milk from places where a few dairy cows had survived, but the consequences were sometimes disastrous. I heard that for a time milk in the local area contained so much radioiodine that a pint would destroy a baby's thyroid gland.[28]

IT WAS in late November that things became terribly bad. The local food supplies were exhausted by then. The year's crops had been mostly harvested before That Day, and a good deal of the food was still suitable for human consumption. But the trouble was in transportation. The railroads had been knocked out altogether, and all the highways were interrupted by tortuous detours. Many a time we walked to the old supermarket, only to find nothing in stock. Our shoes went through before long, and there was no getting them fixed. Our car had been requisitioned during the second week.

As the weather grew colder, more and more people felt ill. The situation was aggravated by the poor sanitary conditions. There was almost no soap. New and troublesome insects began to appear, despite the weather. Before long we were fighting off rats too.

The advance of winter made it clear that we had all lost our resistance to physical stress.[27] With even the commonest antiseptics unobtainable a cut finger became a matter of grave concern. A bad cold was often a sentence of death. That's how I lost Johnny. I knew I shouldn't have allowed him to play outdoors the day we had that heavy snow; but there's a limit to how long you can keep a ten-year-old boy in a dark basement. The day they came to take Johnny's body away I thought it was the end of the road for me—I could see the others going one by one—but actually it was Helen who cracked up. Like a lot of other adults, she sank into an apathetic state and kept repeating that it was no use to go on. On the way to South Dakota she wandered off from the convoy and disappeared. She wasn't the only one.



When the news came that we were to be evacuated it was almost a relief. When our turn came, at the end of February, I packed what clothing I could, gave each of the bigger kids a bundle to carry, loaded Davey and some blankets into Johnny's old express wagon, and started off for the assembly center. We waited in the open most of a day before the trucks picked us up.

There were 160 of us that day, the tattered remnants of eighty-two families. We were twelve days on the road, sleeping at night on the floors of churches, or schools or stores. The 1200 calories a day they allowed us was a poor defense against the cold, but providentially it turned warm the third day out. Around the ruins of Kansas City we could see fire-blackened fields being eroded by the melting snow.[9]

Life in camp is not so bad, if you can forget your hunger and don't think about the past or future. The important thing is that this is a low-fallout area[17], so we are in much less danger than at home. Up here we are learning at first-hand that our basic needs really are food, clothing, and shelter—they take up almost all our time. Whatever we have, we make ourselves, when we get some materials.

Those of us who are physically and mentally able to work have jobs of some sort. Caring for the sick is the commonest occupation. I teach in the improvised school. Sometimes we're so busy that we forget what has happened. But then there are the times when you wake up at night, and you can't help thinking. You wonder if there will ever be anything to life again beyond this struggle to exist. You try to recall what a piece of fresh meat looked like. You ask yourself what your children will do when they grow up—or if they'll grow up—or if they will ever have children of their own. You wonder if you've fought your way this far, only to be cut down by cancer. You ask if the landscape will ever be clothed in green fields and forests again. There's a biologist here who claims to know the answer to that one. He says the fields and forests will come back. Only it will take hundreds of years.[9]

Reprints of this article are available from: Greater St. Louis Citizens' Committee for Nuclear Information; Room 318, Museum of Science and Natural History, St. Louis 5, Missouri.

REFERENCES

The basic general source of information now available is the Summary-Analysis of Hearings, June 22-26, 1959, Biological & Environmental Effects of Nuclear War. Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, U.S. Government Printing Office, August, 1959. Copies can be obtained from the Joint Committee or through your own Congressman. The complete transcript of the Hearings will be available soon.

1. Summary-Analysis of Hearings, p. 4.
2. Summary-Analysis of Hearings, table V-2, p. 19. This table lists the numbers and types of bombs which the Congressional Committee assumed would strike various U.S. cities, including St. Louis, in the first day of a nuclear war.
3. Summary-Analysis of Hearings, p. 17.
4. This is the point chosen as ground zero in St. Louis Civilian Defense exercises.
5. Summary Analysis of Hearings, table IV-1, p. 15. A 10 megaton bomb makes a crater 2500 feet in diameter and 240 feet deep and collapses even brick apartment houses out to a radius of seven miles. Big Bend is 6.8 miles from 11th and Pine.
6. "The Effects of Nuclear Weapons," U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, June 1957, p. 305-308.
7. "The Effects of Nuclear Weapons," p. 299.
8. Summary Analysis of Hearings, p. 12. Fire storms were also discussed in more detail at the hearings by W. T. Ham, Jr., Ph.D.; George Mixter, Jr., M.D.; and C. H. Fugitt, Ph.D. See p. 9-11 of their testimony.
9. From testimony on the ecological effects of a nuclear attack given at the hearings by Dr. J. N. Wolfe, Chief of the Environmental Sciences Board of the Division of Biology and Medicine of the AEC.
10. The hearings allotted one 8 and one 10 megaton weapon to St. Louis and specified that they be 50% fission and 50% fusion weapons. See p. 19, table V-2 of Summary Analysis.
11. Surface bursts are assumed to deposit 80% of their fallout in local fallout and only 20% in the atmosphere.
12. See Figure V-2 of Summary Analysis which gives size and shape of local fallout area.
13. Summary-Analysis of Hearings, p. 28.
14. Summary-Analysis of Hearings, p. 47.
15. Summary-Analysis of Hearings, p. 37.
16. Summary-Analysis of Hearings, p. 38.
17. Testimony and maps by Dr. L. Machta of the U. S. Weather Bureau. See Summary-Analysis figure V-1.
18. The fission debris has its intensity reduced by a very large quota in one year. It will be about 1/50,000 of the value it had 1 hour after the explosion but the longer-lived isotopes, such Strontium 90 and Cesium 137 (the half life of both is about 30 years) continue to give off radioactivity for many years.
19. Summary-Analysis of Hearings p. 22.
21. Measurement taken in October 1958 in Columbia, Mo. Presented at May 5-8 Congressional Hearings on Nuclear Testing by Lyle T. Alexander of the U.S.D.A.
22. The half-life of Strontium 90 is 30 years, so in one hundred years the levels would have fallen to 1/8th their wartime values.
23. From Hearings, testimony on flash burns by Drs. Ham, Mixter, and Fugitt.
24. From Hearings, testimony on blast effects by Dr. C. S. White.
25. Based on discussion of the 1942 Coconut Grove Disaster in Boston and Hiroshima experience by Drs. Ham, Mixter, and Fugitt at Hearings.
26. Summary-Analysis of Hearings, p. 18.
27. Hearings, testimony on the acute effects of nuclear radiations by Dr. P. S. Harris.
28. From Hearings testimony of G. M. Dunning on Biological Effects of a Nuclear Attack.
29. The location of the county water plant is such as to permit the assumption that it might continue to function.
30. Hearings, testimony by Dr. E. P. Leug.

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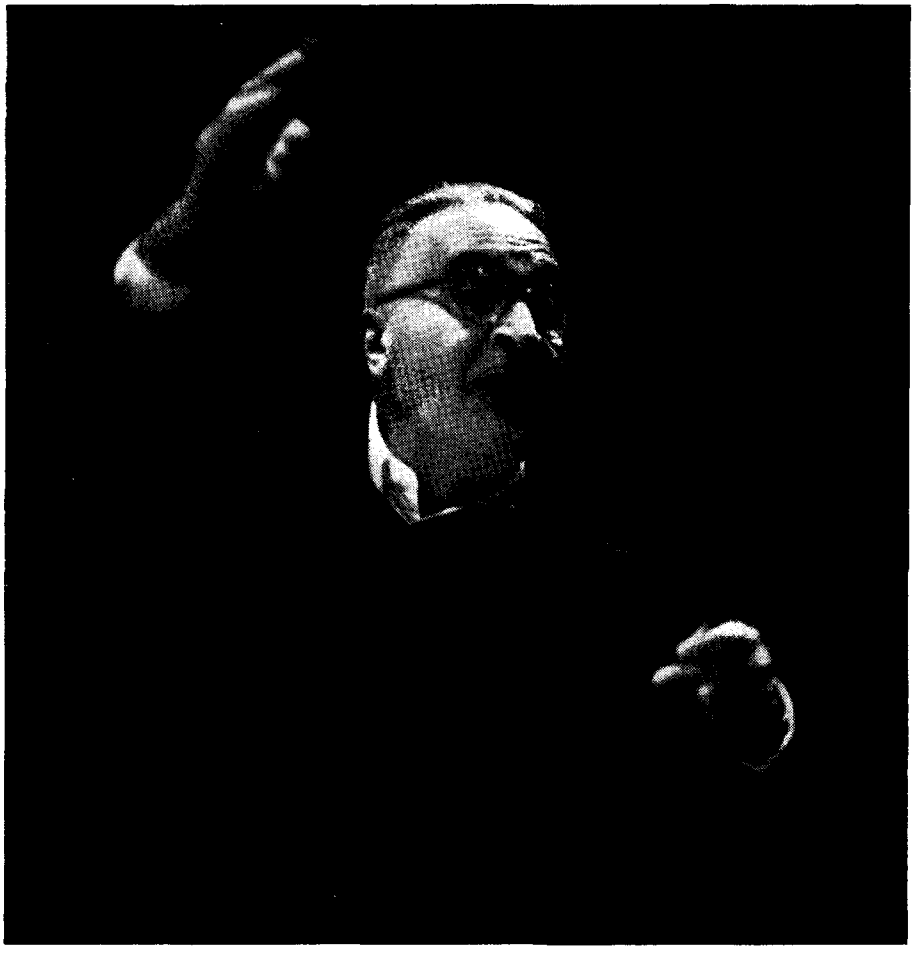

Bruno Walter—"stereo upset previous musical notions."

SR/RECORDINGS

NOVEMBER 28, 1959

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BEETHOVEN'S "NINE" IN STEREO

By ROBERT LAWRENCE

INEVITABLE as binary fission, the Beethoven "Nine" have finally arrived in stereophonic. The recording of these symphonies in a single unit, led by the same conductor, is of course no novelty. Toscanini, Walter, Weingartner, Scherchen, Klemperer, von Karajan have all contributed their individual skills to omnibus Beethoven; but their work covers the period from orthophonic through high fidelity. Now, with accent on stereo, Bruno Walter (recording all nine symphonies for the second time in his career) has broken fresh ground in gramophone history; and Columbia has issued this music in a handsome album (D7S 610, $41.98) which for luxury of texture and design, surpasses anything in the field. Along with the album comes a superbly illustrated "Beethoven Reader," edited by Fred Grunfeld, with quotes on the composer ranging from Franz Grillparzer to Edna St. Vincent Millay. There has been no compromise with quality in this set, and a great deal of pride must have gone into its making.

Musically too, the album is strong and—for the most part—satisfying. The Beethoven symphonies are, by this time, too basic a part of our experience to arouse fresh speculation; the sensibility of Bruno Walter's art is also public knowledge. These elements in combination should, and do, produce an admirably proportioned series of performances. What one had not anticipated was how the added element of stereophonic sound might upset our previous musical notions about both Beethoven and Walter. Now, as never before in recording, it is the engineer who shares prima donna responsibility with the conductor.

In this connection, one recalls the charge of eccentricity leveled against Leopold Stokowski many years ago when, during a symphonic broadcast, he attempted to weave his own acoustical patterns through the turn of a dial when conducting. Today Mr. Stokowski, in the light of current stereophonic procedure, might well demand "Who's loony now?" and appear, in just perspective, as a defender of the faith. Certainly in the new Beethoven set, control of orchestral balance seems to have been largely wrested from the conductor (I say this through familiarity with Dr. Walter's sound in the concert hall) by the engineers, who have gone farther than ever before in determining the contour of the music. Vanished is the craggy, astringent quality that marks the symphonies of Beethoven in live performance. The sound has grown suave, overly blended. One or two examples of this softening-up process will suffice: the burnished trumpet A, in octaves, which gleams through the or-

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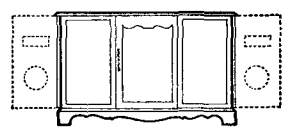

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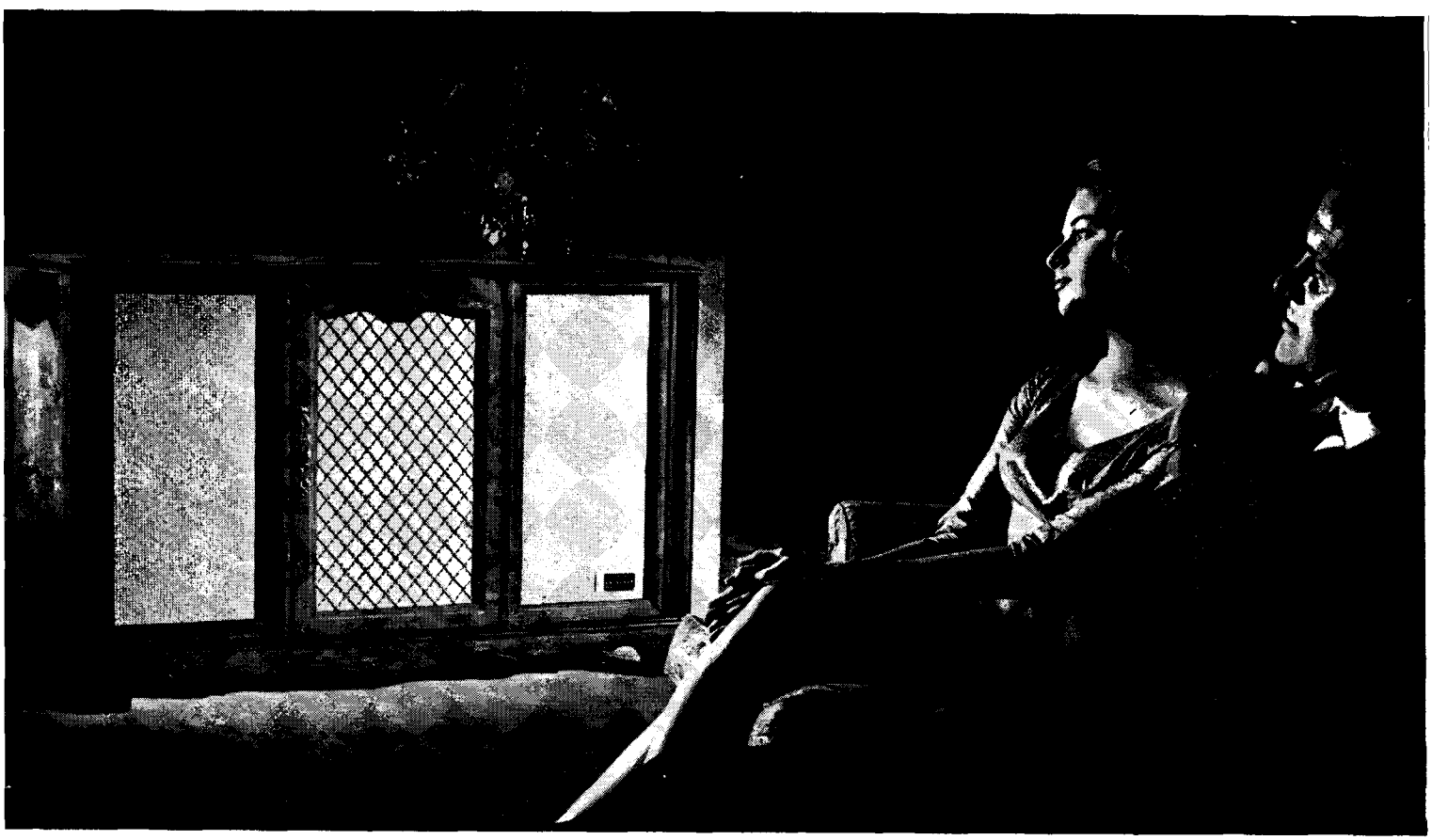

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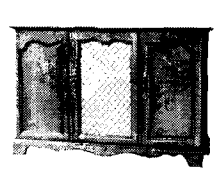

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chestra in the scherzo of Symphony No. 7 has been frosted over for the sake of a decorous, "integrated" sonority; and the clangorous timpani rolls in the first movement of the Ninth, so wonderfully vital—even chaotic—in their surge, are cut down to mud-puddle intensity.

The layout of sound is thus a debatable feature of the new set. Strings are clear and luminous; brasses (when not made to taper off) fairly substantial; but the winds lack "bite." Only the first bassoon, in all nine symphonies, is constantly—sometimes excessively—forward, whereas the solo clarinet, oboe and flute merge with background instruments to a point of near-anonymity.

These considerations aside, the fundamental query arises: "Are the symphonies well played?" The answer might run: "Yes, but why not by a more homogeneous group?" Every great performing body has its own style, dictated by tradition. The sound of the Concertgebouw is not to be confused with that of the Philadelphia Orchestra, nor the Vienna Philharmonic with the Chicago Symphony. Every one of these has a distinctive personality, its facets developed over a span of years. Under the circumstances, the playing by this Columbia Symphony Orchestra (made up of hand-picked musicians assembled on the West Coast) is technically fine, with the splendor of the horn trio in the "Eroica" scherzo a case in point; but the players have not worked together long enough to achieve a symphonic timbre that is really their own. A permanent orchestra should have been utilized to do justice to Dr. Walter's readings. And the recording engineer should have sat at the conductor's knee. One of the great merits of the Toscanini "nine" on discs is that their *sound* is Toscanini's. In the new stereo Beethoven, the rhythms, accents, phrasing are all, fortunately, those of Bruno Walter; but the orchestral sonorities are alien, superimposed.

In over thirty years of listening to these symphonies, the writer would inscribe the following preferences (subjective, all!) for best performances: Symphony No. 1—Toscanini; No. 2—Walter (in the present recording); No. 3—blank; No. 4—Koussevitzky; No. 5—Mengelberg; No. 6—Walter (present recording), with Koussevitzky as a close runner-up; No. 7—blank; No. 8—Walter (present recording), with Toscanini as runner-up; No. 9—Furtwängler. The blanks alongside Symphonies No. 3 and 7 indicate the lack, in the writer's opinion, of an ideal performance.

Now it will be seen, from this highly personal tabulation, that Walter comes out in the lead, namely with one-third of the symphonies. No single conductor may be reasonably expected to do equal justice to all nine; and it might have been preferable, on the occasion of this music's stereophonic debut, to have a cross-section of Beethoven as recorded by the world's outstanding leaders, all at their respective peaks, with newer maestri to replace those who have gone. If, however, one conductor was to be chosen, Bruno Walter comes inexorably to mind; and, in the present album, the results justify the choice.

Dr. Walter's extraordinary grasp of the metaphysics of music—added to solid technical skill—has done much to establish his fame. Since his ideas are often extra-musical and philosophic, some listeners may find his readings of the classics a bit lacking in purity of line. In the repertoire of the last century, however, Walter has no peer. Those who have heard him conduct "Euryanthe" and "Eugene Onegin," the symphonies of Bruckner and Mahler, the tone poems of Strauss, know the special kind of intensity he brings to this literature.

In theory, Beethoven—with his roots in the classical past—would not seem an ideal medium for Dr. Walter. But this great conductor achieves a series of performances that explode any such limiting thought. In these new recordings, only the First Symphony seems to elude him. Here, memories of Toscanini's aristocratic phrasing, electrifying rhythms, linger to Walter's disadvantage. The Second Symphony is a different story, from the glowing, beautifully molded opening measures right through to the fiery finale. The "Eroica", like the First, is able but detached. Never mind—this writer has never yet heard a performance of the "Eroica" realizing all the wonders of the score. It is Beethoven's "King Lear," to be penetrated in the study rather than on the concert platform.

The Fourth, after the lyrical glow of the Second, proves something of a letdown. That wonderful kettle-drum crescendo in the first movement, so admired by Berlioz, makes little impression; and the Adagio sings less eloquently than might have been expected. Minuetto and finale are good, with some virtuoso bassoon playing in the latter. On the other hand, the Fifth seems excellent to this writer. Only the long, sustained transition from scherzo to finale lacks tension. The remainder of the work is expertly, and often excitingly, directed.

In the Sixth ("Pastorale") Symphony, Dr. Walter finds himself completely at one with the intimacy and charm of the music. His unfolding of the long-lined, difficult opening pages is beyond praise; and indeed all of the individual movements—the Brook, Rustic Celebration, Storm, Clearing—are realized with a perfect blend of musicality and poetic imagination.

Symphony No. 7, in this edition, is rather tame. If memory can be trusted (and in this case youth and inexperience may have distorted it), the most exhilarating performance of the Seventh, in decades, was one by the late Albert Coates and the Philharmonic-Symphony many years ago on a hot New York summer's night. That had verve, play, genial muscularity. Most of the other versions, including Toscanini's, seem overly tense by comparison. Dr. Walter's performance, unpredictably, is too relaxed and loses out in basic excitement.

THE WALTER unpredictability does not stop with the Seventh but carries right over—favorably, this time—into the Eighth. Here, on Toscanini's home ground of "bite" and rhythm, one would have expected no challenge from the Walter reading; but, actually, Dr. Walter's performance is superior on almost every count. In a rare display of rhythmical virtuosity, he keeps the patterns shifting masterfully at all times. Beyond and above this is the bright humor of the reading, with its deliciously Viennese inflection. The Eighth is one of the jewels in the new collection.

This same rhythmic mastery reappears in the scherzo of the Ninth, dazzlingly performed, and in the coda of the symphony's first movement, where Walter's conducting takes on a majesty that is almost leonine. Oddly, the slow movement—where one would have expected to find him at his expansive best—is drowsy and desultory. The finale, too, is rather four-square, with a slower basic tempo than that to which most of the other great conductors have accustomed us.

After the big expenditures that presumably went into the making of this album, it seems penny-wise, pound-foolish to have engaged four singers differing so markedly in basic skill. William Wildermann is the most effective (though the asperity of the top voice, which would have been right for Beethoven's music, has been neutralized by the engineer); Nell Rankin sings capably; but Emilia Cundari and Albert Da Costa do not rise above the competent. Oh, for the days of the Rethberg-Matzenauer-Martinelli-Pinza combination! The quartet was then considered important to the Ninth.

In this handsomely bound and predominantly well performed set, a master conductor has left us his Beethoven testament. There will be greater occasion for rejoicing when Walter records the Mahler repertoire, in which he is inimitable. Let us hope, when that comes to pass, his orchestra will be a permanent symphonic body and not a studio group. Walter deserves the best.

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The Tape Story—"Fast Forward" or "Slow Rewind"?

By NORMAN EISENBERG

TAPE RECORDING, imported from Europe in the mid-1940s, soon became the professional standard for all original recordings (from which, after editing, discs were processed). Additionally, tape became a favored medium in many other areas, such as the storing of data for computers. At its best, tape is undisputably the finest medium yet developed for storing and rendering, when required, the widest range of human intelligence—from the audio frequencies that cover music and speech to the extremely high frequencies that represent video signals. In audio work, improvements in both the plastic tape and its associated equipment have made of this medium a *sine qua non*, nothing less than the ultimate in sound production. Its preeminence in this area rests on its potential for wide frequency response and dynamic range, extremely low noise level, durability and longevity, and facility for being edited. In the past, these virtues—when considered for home use—were attainable at the expense of playing time, since it is a rule of thumb that the more tape speeding past a tape head, the better the results. Playing time, of course, could be extended by larger reels or thinner tapes or slower speeds—or any combination of these—but in the early days of tape, such attempts raised a tidy complex of problems. They were solved well enough, but two other drawbacks remained: cost and convenience. *These* factors kept tape from becoming anything as popular as records.

Invariably, low cost meant low quality; comparing the relative price scales for phono players and tape recorders, it is apparent that the "minimal-fi" tape machine cost about as much as the best record-playing device. And a really high grade tape deck could cost as much as an entire phono system, from stylus to speaker. The casual sort of tape recorder that might suffice for immortalizing Junior's class-day address, or the results of a business conference, was plainly not suitable for hi-fi. And whatever its acoustic quality, using *any* tape machine involved some digital dexterity.

Nonetheless, with the development of tape-duplicating machines and an increasing number of recorders in use, the prerecorded tape appeared on the market as another program source for home use. These tapes started as monophonic "half-track" in which one half of the ¼-inch wide tape played in one direction. When the end was reached, the user flipped the reel to hear the other half. The possibility of combining two different sound tracks on the same width of tape led inevitably to the development of stereo tape. The first stereo for home use, in fact, appeared on tapes in 1955 when, of a total of 275 tapes in the prerecorded tape library, some 23 were stereo. The idea grew and the Spring of the year following saw a total of 1,000 tapes of which 73 were stereo. By August 1956, the overall number had doubled to 2,000 of which 200 were stereo.

Stereo, in those days, was undeniably costly (about $15 to $17 for an hour's playing time, to say nothing of the cost of the equipment), and complicated (owners of existing tape recorders wallowed in confusion over "in line" or "staggered" heads, equalization, alignment, and the like). In any case, most people—regardless of how deeply they loved music and appreciated advances in reproduction techniques—still preferred the more familiar, less costly, and uncomplicated disc. So it was that in tape's "best year," 1957, when retail sales of prerecorded tape reached an all-time high of $7 million, this "boom" actually represented less than 2 percent of the $378 million spent on records. Obviously, as late as 1957 both the stereo technique and the tape medium were still unfamiliar to most people.

For those to whom these things were familiar, tapes—and particularly stereo tapes (three-fourths of the money spent that year on tapes went for stereo versions)—represented the best thing that had happened to the American living room since central heating. Like the first owners of 35mm cameras in the days when the box camera or its folding version seemed to be a standard fixture in most families, the tape enthusiasts constituted a small, but active, group. At least they purchased enough tapes to support several small independent producers, the tape departments of some major record companies, and the outfits, such as Dubbings, that worked at duplicating tapes from the master copies to the packaged product bought over the counter. In a word, a small industry which, within its limits, did fairly well while keeping something like half a million tape-machine owners regularly stocked with fresh material.

This happy little island in the world of audio was virtually swamped by the tidal wave of stereo discs about a year and a half ago. For one thing, stereo discs provided the depth and breadth of stereo reproduction in a form at once lower in cost and more convenient to use than tape. Moreover, within the tape world itself, word was abroad of impending changes in the tape form whose effects could reduce existing tape recorders to varying stages of inutility and outmodedness. These changes involved halving the speed of stereo tapes from the standard 7½ inches-per-second (ips) to 3¾ ips, and simultaneously doubling the number of tracks, the idea being that a 4-track tape could furnish twice as much playing time as the standard 2-track tape. With four tracks, tracks 1 and 3 (counting down from the top edge) provided stereo in one direction of tape travel; tracks 2 and 4 continued the program in the reverse direction.

What really brought the tape world up short was the news that these changes were to be incorporated in a thoroughly new form—the RCA-developed cartridge—completely incompatible with existing tape equipment, requiring a radically new kind of tape recorder to be played. Superimposed on all this was the question of the quality of the new tape form: was the new product to be up to the standards of excellence established by two-track stereo tapes playing at 7½ ips, or would it be noticeably inferior?

These doubts existed, apparently, in sufficient degree to cut the retail sales of prerecorded tape in 1958 to $3.5 million—just half of what they were the year before. The bottom hadn't exactly dropped out, but it was definitely sagging. A good part of this set-back was due to the manner in which tapes were marketed. At best, prerecorded stereo tape was for many dealers a marginal item only, receiving relatively little attention even on the business side of the counter. By late Spring of 1958, with more stereophonic discs coming in, and little more than rumor and speculation over the 4-track idea (on reels or in cartridges), tape's margin narrowed considerably, and many observers saw tape headed for oblivion.

Yet, some indication of what happy alternate direction tape would take al-

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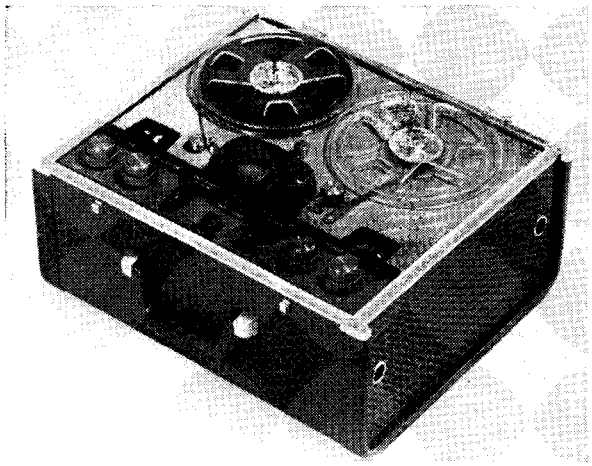
ready was apparent a year ago. Hard on the heels of RCA's announcement of the cartridge and the display of a tentative model for playing it, came new products from several hi-fi component manufacturers. Ampex, who had pioneered both tape and stereo, announced its new "Universal" model, a superb but fairly high-priced machine for playing 2- or 4-track tapes at either 7½ or 3¾ ips speed. That this sort of versatility, even if it was not full professional quality, could be furnished at a lower price was signalized by similar announcements from others, of which an outstanding example was the newly designed "85 series" by Viking of Minneapolis. But none of these models could handle the RCA cartridge. And the cartridge player would not accept tape reels.

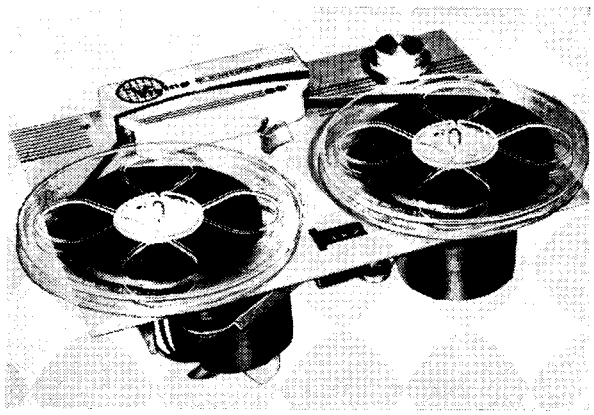
If this duality of tape systems raised the question of technological incompatibility, it also suggested the hybrid that only recently has been born and officially blessed by the Magnetic Recording Industry Association: the 4-track stereo tape for reel-to-reel playing at 7½ ips speed. More than 20 companies now are producing these tapes; many of them are part of a new distribution plan set up by Ampex and called United Stereo Tapes. According to Ampex, over 1,000 releases in this form should be available by the end of this month, with many more to follow. A cursory survey of the lists indicates a fairly familiar classical repertory and a liberal assortment of pops. In this sense, the new ST's are about where SD's were a little over a year ago. It is expected (and hoped) that the repertory will widen and deepen with the encouragement of sales.

These tapes, for the most part, furnish playing time **equal** to or surpassing that on stereo discs. The tapes cost a jot more, although in some cases—because of the particular economies sometimes possible with tape—they may cost less than disc equivalents. A case in point: Concertapes once issued a stereo release, "Sound in the Round," on two reels for 7½ ips, 2-track stereo playback. This hour's worth of programming sold for $23.80. The same material, on two stereo discs, cost $13.80. On a single reel of 4-track tape, it lists for $6.95. This example, though the exception, illustrates the trend.

In any case, playing the new tapes on a standard deck requires a 4-head assembly. This is furnished on most new models; in many cases it can be fitted to older models. Oddly enough, the requirements of 4-track tape, while it diminishes the total coating area available for the signal, can have a kind of compensating advantage in terms of acoustic response. Because of the narrower sound track, a tinier head-gap is required. If correctly engineered and aligned such a head gap could provide a response at 7½ ips that equals or surpasses that of the half-track at that speed. Equally important, a tape machine so outfitted still can play two-track stereo tapes—which still are being marketed and still are considered as the best examples of stereo for home use.

So the apparent quietus that seemed to engulf tape a year ago turns out to have been more of a time for retooling and setting up new marketing patterns. In the meantime, the RCA cartridge player has become a reality. Five years of research and development have produced a machine that, together with a burgeoning list of cartridge-tape releases, constitutes a new product-form. In providing a system that makes the handling of tape easier than that of records (all you do is drop the cartridge into its slot and press a button; you need never handle the tape itself), the new machine from RCA-Victor certainly fulfills its promise of convenience. The functions of instant stopping, of "fast forward" and "fast rewind" and the like, all respond smoothly to push-button control.





Above: Ampex 960 "Universal" takes two and four track. Below: Viking "85 series" tape playback.

There remain, however, other matters. Take cost, for one. At $299.95, (plus $9.95 for a roving second speaker for stereo), the present model, the SCP2, may not be everyone's acoustic treat. Although largely automatic, it does not reverse the direction of tape travel; when the tape runs to its end, you must flip the cartridge. No great hardship, to be sure, but also no improvement over the oft-criticized need for doing something similar with records. A self-reversible model has been announced by Victor; this will cost $50 more than the present machine.

The cartridges themselves vary in price, from $4.95 for about 22 minutes of playing time to $9.95 for a full hour. This puts them, roughly, in the same price class as the 4-track, 7½ ips stereo tapes on reels—two to three dollars above equivalent stereo discs.

If, at any rate, the items of cost and convenience in stereo tape have been helped by the cartridge player, what about acoustic quality, even more fidelity? The SCP2 is a complete tape system package; it contains a built-in amplifier for stereo playback (and recording) and one speaker system. To hear stereo, you connect the auxiliary speaker. Playing through its built-in amplifier and speakers, the cartridge player does indeed provide stereo in terms of channel separation and aural depth—but this stereo, lacking a clean, wide response, just isn't hi-fi. However, the player also has provision for connecting its signals into external channels, by-passing its own power amplifier and speakers. Using it in this manner, connecting its output into the channels of a high quality component stereo system improves things considerably, particularly in the high frequency region. This mode of playing the Victor model furnished more overtones and generally a cleaner, fuller sound. It also, incidentally, revealed occasional "wow" or waver in musical pitch—sometimes noticeable on quiet passages such as sustained woodwind tones. Tape "hiss" also was apparent during such passages—very likely because of the improved high-frequency response provided by the hi-fi components.

The electro-mechanical functions of the SCP2 ran flawlessly. When used as directed, the machine shut itself off at the end of a tape; braking action was positive and apparently safe for the tape. A tape may be stopped at any point and rewound or advanced or

(*Continued on page* 63)

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Tolstoy's "War," Prokofiev's "Peace"

WHATEVER has been said for or against Prokofiev's opera, one must admit that this album is a remarkable feat. The large cast, consisting of fourteen soloists, almost forty "extras" (some of whom appear only once during the entire work), a chorus, and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, is competently conducted by Werner Janssen through one of the most uneven of Prokofiev's scores which lasts over two and a half hours. Since the opera has been produced only a few times in and outside of Russia, I think that the merit of this recording lies in the fact that it gives an opportunity to judge the composition from more than just one hearing, and thus, perhaps, offers a chance for second thoughts (MGM 37C, $19.95.)

It is unfortunate indeed that because the Yugoslavs have been "specializing" in recording Russian operas for the last four or five years the National Opera of Belgrade was again called upon for this performance. The Yugoslavs are by now well-known for their poor, but nevertheless confident, rendition of the Russian language, but I suppose, *faute de mieux,* one has to accept them. I doubt that another recording made in Russia will be soon forthcoming.

Originally Prokofiev had written a score that would have had to be presented on two successive nights. However, after making several different versions, the composer finally reduced the seventeen scenes to eleven, and this is supposed to be the "final" version. Everyone vaguely acquainted with Tolstoy's novel naturally expected a composition conceived on a similar vast canvas. And I understand that such was the composer's intention. Echoing Moussorgsky's statement in reference to his "Boris Godunoff," Prokofiev also claimed that the heroes of his opera should be the "Russian people who rose like one man against the aggressor." Perhaps in the original version of seventeen scenes he did succeed in this task, but the cut version is definitely disappointing in this respect.

TO be sure, there are some mass scenes masterfully created, with chorus and background music illustrating the preparations for the battle of Borodino, as well as the last scene depicting the triumphant victory over Napoleon's army. Otherwise the whole atmosphere of "War" has been placed in the background to give way to the love episode between Prince Andrei Bolkonsky and Natasha Rostova. It is possible that Prokofiev had remembered the difficulties Moussorgsky's original "Boris Godounoff" caused the composer when he offered his score for production. He was told that an opera must have a "love element" whether he wished "only the people" to be his heroes or not. And Moussorgsky had to comply by introducing a love scene (in the second act). Perhaps Prokofiev has paid too much heed to this advice. In his score the love affair (the personal element) occupies the largest part of the opera and accounts for the slow going of the first hour and a half. Prokofiev adhered faithfully to Tolstoy's original text. But some verbal constructions of the sentences do not lend themselves to music without becoming clumsy and difficult to follow. Incidentally this volume has a phonetically spelled Russian text of the libretto. I would advise that such a work be done by a man who knows the Russian language. As it is, it is so full of grammatical mistakes that one feels it was done by ear.

This leads to a question which arises before you hear a single note: Is it really possible to cram one of the greatest chronicles of life and the struggle of an entire nation into a three-hour spectacle? Obviously it is not possible. Personally I think that Prokofiev would have been more successful had he written a symphonic work on the same subject. He would not have been hamstrung by all the arias, duets, and recitatives, and would have created more realistically the atmosphere and the emotions which he had tried to create but failed to achieve. Also his medium of writing would have been different. It would have been closer to his Fifth Symphony. Perhaps if the opera had been composed in Alban Berg's "Wozzeck" style it would have gained in force and pathos. As it is, the opera is written in a conventional style almost Tchaikovskian. And yet one should not deny that there are perfectly beautiful moments and some of them pure Prokofiev: the waltzes, the Polonaise (which incidentally Werner Janssen could have imbued with more energy and dynamic rhythm), Kutusoff's aria dealing with a painful decision to abandon Moscow, and the haunting scenes of Andrei's death.

Anatole and Natasha—left, in the Moscow production, with G. Zenkova and V. Radzievsky. Right, in the NBC television version, with Davis Cunningham and Helena Scott

UNFORTUNATELY not one of the soloists is an outstanding singer. You would never remember Dusan Popovic because you heard him in the role of Andrei, nor Radmila Vasovic-Bocacevic as Natasha; not even Nicola Cvelic, who sang Napoleon (I must confess that to hear Napoleon sing gave me an uneasy feeling). I mention this only because I am aware that painstaking care went into this production and that a better cast could have at least given more of its due to Prokofiev's opus magnus, which cannot be compared to his own "Alexander Nevsky" and certainly not to Moussorgsky's "Boris," which I feel the composer had hoped to surpass.

—VICTOR SEROFF.

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Music to Eat at Trader Vic's By

THE FIRST musical notes wafted heavenward from the gentle islands when Hawaiians began to play through a nose flute. There are those who think that listeners to Hawaiian music have been paying through the nose ever since. This notion is, to my mind a pure misapprehension, although I'm not at all sure that this current crop of albums, rushed to the waxworks to celebrate the arrival of the Fiftieth State, will help dispel it.

The nose flute has all but disappeared as a musical instrument in Hawaii although you can still buy them at the Bamboo Window on Ala Moana at Ward St. It was the Portuguese cane cutters who strummed their *cavaquinhos* that really captured the fancy of the Hawaiians. The little instrument was so easy to play and it blended nicely with the soft island voices. The Hawaiians, as they do to nearly every thing, gave it their own name "jumping flea," or ukulele. The soft nights, the tropical air, the rustling palms, the sun and the ocean provided the mood and Hawaiian music emerged, soft languorous, a perfect reflection of island *ambiance*.

But, like Swiss wines and small boys on long car trips, Hawaiian music doesn't travel well. Exported to the mainland, and to all except those with fervent memories of past visits to That Lovely Place, it is very likely to turn rancid. Yet the number of those who have been to the islands, now less than five jet hours from the West Coast, grows daily, and the appreciative audience mounts. Moreover, with Hawaii's admission into the Union, Island music must be admitted, too, as part of American folklore. Only the other day the U. S. Information Agency announced it was shipping recordings of Hawaiian music abroad to acquaint foreigners with melodies of the Fiftieth State. The trouble of course is that *some* of the music emanated from what is now the Fiftieth State, and some of it was manufactured to specifications in the 31st State, namely California, where it was injected into syrupy screenings of Hollywood's Hawaii. I cite three that come to mind: "Sweet Leilani," "Blue Hawaii' and "Moon of Manakoora." All turn up with regularity in this current harvest.

Hawaiian voices and the Hawaiian language being so mellifluous and so integral to Hawaiian song, it wonders me deeply why three of the six recent albums I have listened to are as wordless as Harpo Marx. Johnny Pineapple's "Hawaii" (Audio Fidelity AFLP 1850, $5.95), "Music of the Islands" by the Mauna Loa Islanders (RCA Victor LPM 2061, $3.98) and "Hawaiian Luau" by William Kealoha, are instrumentals pure and simple. Those who begat them have produced little more than music to eat at Trader Vic's by. "Captivation" (Warner Bros. WS 1314, $4.98) by the Outriggers, manages a few vocalizations on each side, but inexplicably turns mute when strumming through the haunting love song "Mapuana," as well as that historical fable about King Kamehameha which really doesn't have any meaning unless you hear the words. And when the organ music welled up I confess to being less than captivated.

All the recording artists turn to the cliché things—"Grass Shack," "Hula Hands," the Hukilau Song—with such dedication that the performance of at least one of them seems a prerequisite for a recording license. Johnny Pineapple, whose album cover displays a nude Oriental lady hiding, burlesque style, behind a fake palm frond, runs through these usual melodies with a souped up, jazzy beat. "Hawaiian Luau" (Roulette R25066, $3.98) at least hews to the idiom of strings even if the arrangements are gussied up now and then with a muted trumpet.

"My Hawaii" (Columbia CL 1333, $3.98) which opens with a nose flute, incidentally, features the rich voice of Ed Kenney, a native Hawaiian now appearing in "Flower Drum Song," who alternates nicely between English and the native tongue. Rhythmic Hawaiian chants are laced in between the occasional violins and "My Hawaii" becomes all things to all buyers, now and then good folk art, and occasionally slick musical comedy production. As one who appreciates both, I was never offended, often enchanted.

"Hula La," (Liberty LST 7106, $4.98) if you're willing to stay with me past the title, is a Polynesian potpourri, which only once ("Moon of Manakoora") slips into the pure clichá. Although Chick Floyd plays the music, Martin Denny produced the record and the Denny stamp is marked indelibly on most of the bands. Denny, known for his "Exotica" music, is sort of an Oriental Spike Jones playing it straight. His performers ring chimes, rattle bells, bong gongs and such. The effect, especially to watch, is interesting enough, if you like vaudeville, but leave us not call it Hawaiian. Xylophones and a saxophone occasionally get in the act; and, heaven help us, the show opens with the war whoops that attend the Samoan Knife Dance which has been performed at Don the Beachcomber's in Waikiki since the arrival of the missionaries. But there are some interesting Tahitian songs here, along with Tahitian drummers to keep the beat and the singing in the Hawaiian numbers floats on the old wistful falsettos that seem so much a part of the islands. It left this alumnus whistling old campus songs and dreaming old dreams.—HORACE SUTTON.

A Hawaiian Hukilau—with the help of the ukulele imported by Portuguese cane-cutters Hawaiian music emerged, soft and languorous, a perfect reflection of the islands.

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THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

WHAT DETERMINES A good record for children? No matter how technically correct a record may be, if a child does not enjoy hearing it, it is not a good record for that child. The child who is given an opportunity to listen to a wide selection of records will develop powers of discrimination. The record he rejects today may become one of his favorites later on. He may still hold on to his comic book although he is reading "Huckleberry Finn" or "Moby Dick," and similarly he may turn with equal joy from rock and roll to Beethoven or Copland. Just as he explores many books and many authors so he will explore different types of music. His taste will change from time to time. He may suddenly discover a composer whose work he has listened to many times but is actually hearing for the first time.

The current interest in jazz and rock and roll will be reflected in the music that teens and pre-teens want to hear. If parents can bring themselves to listen to records dear to the heart of the adolescent they will find less resistance from their teenagers to other types of music.

Young peoples' reactions will not always coincide with adult standards or expectations, but they will often astonish you by their perception and discrimination. The sensitivity of children to music not usually thought of as music for children can be further illustrated by a seven-year-old girl who heard MacDowell's "To a Water Lily," and remarked: "It makes me think of when I was in the hospital and someone sent me flowers." Another youngster said, "I feel as if I'm in a Valentine." The first movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony evoked this from a seven-year-old boy: "It was like the leader was right here and there was a lot of orchestra."

A few years ago the Young Audiences Associated presented concerts for Junior High School and High School students. When asked to play for Elementary School children they were most hesitant. With obvious reluctance they consented to give a concert in an Elementary School in an underprivileged area. The rapt attention and obvious enjoyment of these children ranging in age from nine to twelve astonished and pleased the Young Audiences group. Other Elementary Schools are now included in their bookings.

Adults are beginning to realize that children are capable of taking their music "straight." No one ever acquired a true love and understanding of Shakespeare by reading "Lamb's Tales of Shakespeare." Neither do children require watered-down excerpts of the classics. In a recent article in *The New York Times*, it is reported that "the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which has long presented programs of children's music, is trying a new approach this fall—grown-ups' music for children."

This trend is fortunately reflected in many of the records now being offered for children. In Alec Templeton's "Children's Concert" (Riverside 1403, $4.98) and Whittemore and Lowe's "Major Classics for Minors" (RCA Victor LBY 1016, $1.98), the music is accompanied by an interesting commentary told with dignity. Ania Dorfmann's "Album for the Young" introduces young people to Schumann and Tchaikovsky, and her "Carnaval" by Schumann is equally charming and palatable.

Records that give a sampling of many composers and which can be enjoyed by all include: "Ballet—Highlights from the Opera," Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Concert Arts Symphony Orchestra (Capitol P 8488, $4.98); "The French Touch," Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra in works of Dukas, Saint-Saëns, and Ravel (RCA Victor LM 2292, $4.98); "Operatic Highlights," Pierino Gamba conducting the London Symphony Orchestra (London CS 6087, $4.98); "Works of Ravel, Weber, Berlioz, and Falla," Albert Wolff, conducting the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra (London CS 6077, $4.98).

These records will serve as an excellent transition from simple excerpts of fine music to the complete works of a musician. Children who have become familiar with composers through such collections will begin to enjoy Artur Rubinstein playing Schumann's Concerto in A minor with the RCA Symphony Orchestra (RCA Victor LSC 2256, $5.98); Vladimir Horowitz, in Carnegie Hall, playing Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" (RCA Victor LM 2357, $4.98).

There are many advantages in having records available for children at home. First of all, there is the pleasure of an experience shared with other members of the family. Then, too, the young child can leave the home concert whenever he becomes restless. Children often can listen better when they are playing quietly and are free to move rhythmically with the music. It has often been said that children learn through their muscles. This is certainly true of their reaction to music. A small boy of two stood in front of a record player. He closed his eyes and began to sway in time to the music. After several minutes of absorbed listening to the melody, he began to move about the room—in adult parlance, he was dancing. He not only heard the music—he felt it throughout his body. An added advantage of home listening is the opportunity it offers for repetition. Children like to hear a piece over and over again and are very clever in knowing on which band an especially cherished section can be found.

Among the current children's records that will appeal to the taste of the family are, "The Little White Duck and Other Children's Favorites" sung by Burl Ives (Columbia HL 9507, $1.98); "Concert for and with Children" sung by Tom Glazer (Washington WC 301, $3.98); and one entitled "Tom Glazer Sings" (Young People's Records YPR 7002, $3.98, not generally available but possibly to be found in some stores). The recording entitled "Richard Dyer Bennet with Young People in Mind," is delightful,

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as his recordings usually are, and the selections are really ageless (Dyer Bennet 6, $4.98). Folk music and ballad singers have a universal appeal and many young people will enjoy Giuseppe di Stefano in "La Voce d'Italia" (London OS 25065, $5.98), and Eileen Farrell in "Songs and Ballads" (Angel 35608, $4.98).

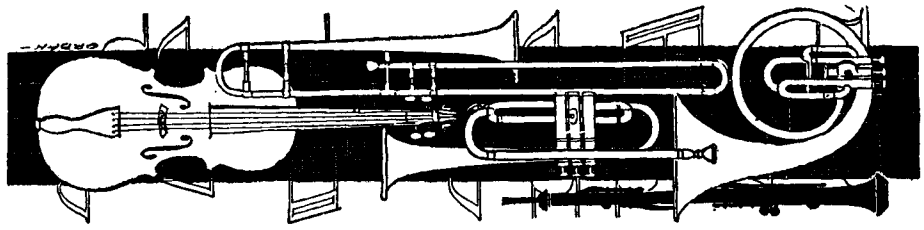
Boris Karloff reads tales from Hans Christian Andersen, "The Ugly Duckling and Other Tales" (Caedmon TC 1109, $5.95)—no listener could fail to be charmed by Andersen's prose as revealed in Karloff's reading. "Alice in Wonderland" is as much appreciated by adults as by children and there are two new recordings of this perennial favorite. Cyril Ritchard does the "Mad Tea Party" and the "Lobster Quadrille." In the latter he is accompanied by music from Alec Wilder's "Alice in Wonderland Suite" (Riverside 1406, $4.98). Douglas Cleverdon has adapted and produced an album in which the story is told by Margaretta Scott, with Jane Asher as "Alice," assisted by a large cast. The story is charmingly produced but would not be appreciated by the very young (London OSA 1206, $5.98).

A recording of Hal Holbrook's "Mark Twain Tonight" will delight the teenagers while evoking nostalgia in the grandparents. This is a recording of his performance on Broadway, so well received in New York last spring (Columbia OL 5440, $4.98).

There is a series of records on the life and music of eighteen musicians from Bach to Tchaikovsky. The list includes Stephen Foster, Sousa, and Johann Strauss (Vox "Music Masters" Series, $4.98 ea.). Many of the scripts have been written by Marianne Kuranda and Ward Botsford. The musical accompaniment gives a panorama of the works of each composer and is used to highlight the biography. The story is told simply and without artificial dramatics, but the interruptions in some of the musical selections by the story is somewhat disturbing. Undoubtedly these records will appeal to many listeners because of the generally fine quality of the musical recording, although the records vary in quality. No credit is given to the orchestras involved.

It is our responsibility as adults to surround our children with beauty and peace, especially in these times of stress. A family that makes a habit of listening to records either separately or as a group has established one very strong common bond of sympathy and understanding. There is no better time than Christmas to add to the record library.

ADELE FRANKLIN, *Director*
All-Day Neighborhood Schools



Songs for Younger Children

"The Little Fireman" "The Little Cowboy" "The Little Hero"	Dramatic Play with Rhythm Activity Reverse side: Grieg "Anitra's Dance and "In the Hall of Mountain King"; Strauss "Blue Danube"; Rimsky-Korsakov "Flight of Bumble Bee"	Young Peoples Records YPR 10003	$2.49
"Muffin and Mother Goose"	Musical Mother Goose "Muffin in the City"; "Muffin in the Country" Reverse side: Liadow "Folk Songs"; Dvorak "Slavonic Dances"; Strauss "Tales of the Vienna Woods"	Young Peoples Records YPR 10006	$2.49
"Burl Ives Sings Little White Duck and Other Children's Favorites"	Burl Ives	Columbia HL 9507	$1.98
"Tom Glazer Concert for and with Children"	Accompanied by guitar	Washington WC 301	$3.98
"Tom Glazer Sings"		Young Peoples Records YPR 7002	$3.98
"Little Indian Drum"	Told and sung by various voices	Young Peoples Records YPR 15006	$2.49
"Mother Goose," Music by Hershy Kay. (Interesting musical accompaniment and excellent reading)	Cyril Ritchard, Celeste Holm and Boris Karloff	Caedmon TC 1091	$5.95
"As I Have Heard Tell," English Nursery Rhymes recited and sung. (Well paced — good diction.)	Viviene Stenson	Folkways FC 7030	$4.25

Stories With and Without Music

"Why Mommy?"	Song and rhyme answers to children's everyday questions. Tom Glazer and Paul Tripp with orchestra and chorus.	Columbia HL 9054	$1.98
"Little Pedro"	"Pedro in Brazil" "Pedro and the Street Singers" Musical settings by Miguel Sandoral. English lyrics by Leo Paris.	Young Peoples Records YPR 15002	$2.49
"Alice in Wonderland"	Cyril Ritchard "Mad Tea Party," "Lobster Quadrille" with music from Alec Wilder's "Alice in Wonderland Suite," produced and directed by Barrett Clark.	Riverside 1406	$4.98
"Hansel and Gretel"	Complete story with Humperdinck music conducted by Franz Allers.	RCA Victor LBY 1024	$1.98
"Alice in Wonderland" Lewis Carroll	Adapted and produced by Douglas Cleverdon; told by Margaretta Scott; Jane Asher as "Alice," with cast.	London OSA 1206	$5.98
"On Parade"	Music for stories by Walter Handel, Richard Mohauptt, Beatrice Landeck, with March from "Pathetique Symphony" of Tchaikovsky, and "March of Toreadors" from Bizet's "Carmen" played by Vienna Festival Orchestra, Hans Swarowsky conducting.	Children's Record Guild CRG 6002A	$2.49
"The Ugly Duckling" and Other Tales by Hans Christian Anderson	Read by Boris Karloff	Caedmon TC 1109	$5.95
"More of Kipling's Just So Stories"	Boris Karloff	Caedmon TC 1088 Vol. 2	$5.95
"Nonsense Verse of Lewis Carroll and Edmund Lear"	Beatrice Lillie, Cyril Ritchard, Stanley Holloway	Caedmon TC 1078	$5.95
"Mark Twain Tonight!"	Hal Holbrook New York engagement produced by John Lotas in association with Bunker Jenkins	Columbia OL 5400	$4.98

Folk Music and Ballads

"Every Time I Feel the Spirit"	Nat King Cole with the First Church of Deliverance Choir conducted by Gordon Jenkins	Capitol W 1249	$4.98
"Old Timey Songs for Children"	Played and sung by The New Lost City Ramblers. Mike Seeger, John Cohen, Tom Paley.	Folkways FC 7064	$5.95
"Holiday Songs of Israel"	Geula Gill accompanied by Dovseltzer and group.	Folkways FC 7738	$5.95
"La Voce d'Italia"	Giuseppe di Stefano. Orchestra conducted by Dino Olivieri	London OS 25065	$5.98

(*Continued on page* 60)

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Recordings in Review

Hans Richter-Haaser — "attention compelling"

Kubelik on Bartok

BARTOK: *Concerto for Orchestra, "Two Portraits," opus 5. Rafael Kubelik conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* Capitol SG 7186, $5.98.

In the decade and a half since it was written in 1943, Bartok's "Concerto for Orchestra" has been recorded nearly a dozen times, performed in the concert hall repeatedly. In all I would say I have heard fifteen different versions of it, some of them very fine indeed: brilliantly performed to a considerable climax of effect. Now, it seems to me, Kubelik has added another dimension to the appreciation of this fine work.

In evaluating a new score of this one's complexity, certain superficial aspects are likely to attract the interpreter (no matter how conscientious). It is only after definite ideas of its ground plan have been established that a fresh view of its total structure may be perceived, as Kubelik has done here to a new appreciation of its poetic content. Too many of his predecessors have accepted the implications of its title, and played it as a display piece, a true "concerto" for orchestra. But there is rather more to it, as Reiner before him has implied and Kubelik has made unmistakable.

There is no lack of brilliance in the orchestra's execution, but it is no longer the primary or even the dominant element. And, as Kubelik reminds us in his added "Portraits" from Bartok's twenty-sixth year (1907), this man was essentially a poet, a dreamer of dreams and a viewer of visions, whose methods may have (and assuredly did) undergone a transformation during the nearly four decades before he wrote the "Concerto", but whose character remained consistent. A fine sounding disc, also, with a high content of musical quality.

Richter-Haaser, Miniaturist

SCHUMANN: *"Träumerei,"* CHOPIN: *"Mazurka in B flat," (Op. 7, No. 1),* BEETHOVEN: *"Für Elise," Sonata in F sharp minor (op. 78), etc. Hans Richter-Haaser, piano.* Epic LC 3620, $4.98.

When Hans Richter-Haaser made his attention-compelling debut in New York's Town Hall last month, his program began with the Schumann "Fantasy" and ended with a Stravinsky sonata, with such a weighty matter as Beethoven's F minor ("Appassionata") Sonata in between. For him to be introduced to the record-buying public by way of the morceaux noted above (plus such others as "the" Liszt "Liebestraum," Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and Grieg's "Wedding Day at Troldhaugen," plus two waltzes of Brahms and Schubert) is to wonder whether the company which has his phonographic future in mind also has it at heart (or vice versa).

It was apparent from Richter-Haaser's live performance that he is a man of sizeable musical comprehension, with a broad conception of the music to which he is drawn, and a powerful if sometimes erratic command of the keyboard. Some of these qualities could be inferred from his way with Grieg's "Vanishing Days" (Op. 57, No. 3) and "Wedding Day" but they would not lead anyone to suspect the kind of comprehension he has at his command. As for the one sonata included, it comes as a kind of afterthought and is, of course, one of the slightest in the thirty-two. Richter-Haaser performs it charmingly, but that is only the surface of what might be expected.

One welcome addendum to the record of his recital is provided by the piano sound. On the earlier occasion, he appeared to be somewhat at fault in the kind of sonority he produced, or at least indifferent to whether it was agreeable or not. The record suggests that it may have been due to insufficient acquaintance with the instrument he used, for the piano sound here is distinctly good.

"Forellen" (No. 2) by Badura

SCHUBERT: *Quintet in A, opus 114 ("Forellen"). Paul Badura-Skoda, piano, with Barylli Quartet members and Otto Rühm, double bass.* Westminster WST 14074, $5.98.

Given good health and a continued esteem on the part of the firm with which he has been constantly associated, it is quite possible that Paul Badura-Skoda will be making versions of Schubert's "Forellen" quintet periodically for the next three decades. Though he is barely into his thirties, this is his second, a successor (to be marked 1959) to his original issue (1956), which has probably introduced more people to this delectable work than any previous recording.

Fortunately, those qualities which made it so winning an experience are preserved here—the fluency and animation of Badura-Skoda's keyboard command, the fervor and sensitivity of his musicianship, his rarely failing good taste and understanding. If I detect a slight alteration of emphasis, it would be in the direction of shifting the leadership function from the first violin to the piano. This is well enough when the ensemble is working altogether, for Badura-Skoda does not abuse his prerogative; but when he is silent, or as at the beginning of the first movement, somewhat subordinate, the pulse tends to lag somewhat.

As an acoustic entity, the proportions of the playing have been expertly adapted to stereo, in the "curtain of sound" concept of two channel reproduction, rather than anything overtly directional. There is a fine sparkle in the treble of the piano and a good bass definition, though a little more sense of presence would be welcome from the strings. This does not include the double bass, which has been allotted an eminently suitable place in the microphoning.

Two "Fifths" of Bruckner

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 5 in B flat (original version). Eugen Jochum conducting the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra.* Deutsche Grammophon DGSA 7300, $11.96. *Symphony No. 5 in B flat* (?). *Hans Knappertsbusch conducting the Vienna Philharmonic.* London CSA 2205, $9.96.

Discussion of varying versions of ordinary works turns on who does them good, better, best; but with Bruckner it is apt to tend to: slow, slower, slowest. Knappertsbusch, of course, yields to no one in his ability to elongate tempi or sustain a line over an in-

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ordinate time span. But Jochum is quite his equal, insofar as this work is concerned.

Both works have pertinent commentaries: but neither is sufficiently specific where the details of the edition utilized is concerned. Joseph Braunstein goes into the background of the several versions of this work, but the degree to which the "Original Version" preferred by Jochum differs from the one employed by Knappertsbusch is not spelled out. In the case of the latter, Robert Boas goes over the customary ground and tells us that it is the Schalk version which is utilized by Knappertsbusch. But the respects in which it differs from any other is only partially suggested.

Insofar as sustained interest and cumulative effect are concerned, I hold to a preference to Knappertsbusch, though the margin of superiority over Jochum is slight. It may be noted that Jochum begins his second (slow) movement on side one, and thus there is a break which is avoided by Knappertsbusch (probably the use of different versions alters the time requirements). In the finale, Knappertsbusch's version concludes with the brass band chorale (as scored by Schalk). Jochum's sonorities are somewhat more ascetic in taste, as decreed by Bruckner's original, unmarked by cymbal crashes. I may say, finally, that well as both men convey their thoughts on the subject, the work itself hardly seems worth the effort. The stereo sound in each is excellent, up to and including the Wagner excerpts included on the fourth sides: "Siegfried's Rhine Journey" and "Funeral Music" on the London, the "Parsifal" "Prelude" and "Good Friday Music" on the D G (a particularly fine-sounding side).

Hans Henkemans—"goes his own way."

New Dutch Masters

INSPIRED, perhaps, by the neighborly example of the Federal German Republic, the Committee for Netherlands Music has marshaled the varied resources of its homeland to launch an enterprise which should command wide attention. This embraces a three-year plan to make available a broad survey of recent creative effort in the Netherlands, with twelve-to-sixteen records scheduled for annual release (at bi-monthly intervals). The records are not for sale, but may be obtained at nominal cost by schools, libraries, conservatories, colleges, etc., by addressing the Committee at the Consulate General of the Netherlands, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y., Max Tak, executive secretary.

The first release has just come to hand, and emphasizes the reference above to the "varied resources" of the Netherlands. Enclosed in a handsome gold-stamped portfolio are two records: one produced by Philips (well-known in this country for its products on the Epic label), the other from Radio Nederland. The Philips disc is a 12-inch LP which offers the 1927 Piano Concerto and "Six Epigrams" of Willem Pijper performed by the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam under the direction of the late Eduard van Beinum on one side; and the 1948-1950 violin concerto of Hans Henkemans (who is soloist in the Pijper) with Theo Olof as violinist with the Concertgebouw and van Beinum. On the Radio Nederland disc (a 10-incher) is the piano concerto of Jurriaan Andriessen and the Pijper concerto, again, on side two. These are derived from radio broadcasts, and are not as well provided with performance data as the works contained on the Philips disc. In several instances, scores are available of the works at hand, though, again, it was lacking in the case of Jurriaan Andriessen.

This attention to Pijper may be considered extreme on the face of the musical content conveyed, but the official view is that "Willem Pijper" is the "most important figure in modern Dutch music." Doubtless Pijper (who was born in 1894 and died in 1947, after being head of the Rotterdam Conservatory for seventeen years) was a figure of consequence in the musical life of his native land, but the piano concerto, at least, has too much in common with the works being written by other "bright young men" in the late Twenties and Thirties to convey much individuality of its own. It is heavily laden with the Ravelian ambience, which doubtless opened the doors to recognition when it was new. At this distance, however, it shares too many of the characteristics of its model to show a profile of its own, well as it is played by his one-time pupil Henkemans.

AS A composer, however, Henkemans goes his own way, to judge from the evidence of a concerto aptly written for its solo instrument, and with a degree of personality pervading both the musical ideas and their expression through the orchestra. It may be that, at the distance which now separates us from Pijper, Henkemans's idiom may be found to be as much *à la mode* (tending towards Stravinsky-Schoenberg-Shostakovitch); but it has heartening surge of lyric impulse—especially in its molto adagio (the third of the four movements)—which speaks a tongue of its own.

Unfortunately this recording is not nearly the best of which Philips is now capable, though the interpretation of Olof (to whom the work is dedicated) is clearly masterful. Considering the quality of work which Philips does in its commercial catalogue, it would seem a point of pride for it to be represented, in this series, only by its best effort.

Jurriaan Andriessen, now thirty-four, is the youngest member of a Dutch musical family prominent in the artistic life of Holland for more than a hundred years. His compact work for piano and orchestra is responsive to contemporary trends, without adhering to any slavishly. The musical thought is threaded skillfully through the solo instrument and the orchestra, making a homogeneous skein of sound rather than anything akin to solo and accompaniment. Together with the work of Henkemans, it could well repay the attention of a performer of any country in search of a thoughtful, skillfully constructed addition to his repertory. Here, again, the reproduced quality is more utilitarian than luxurious—a detail in which future releases of this valuable series might, usefully, be improved.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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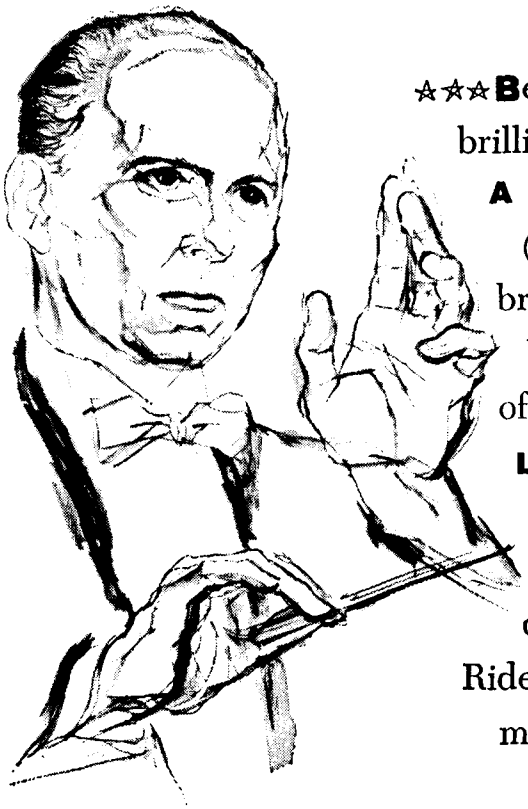

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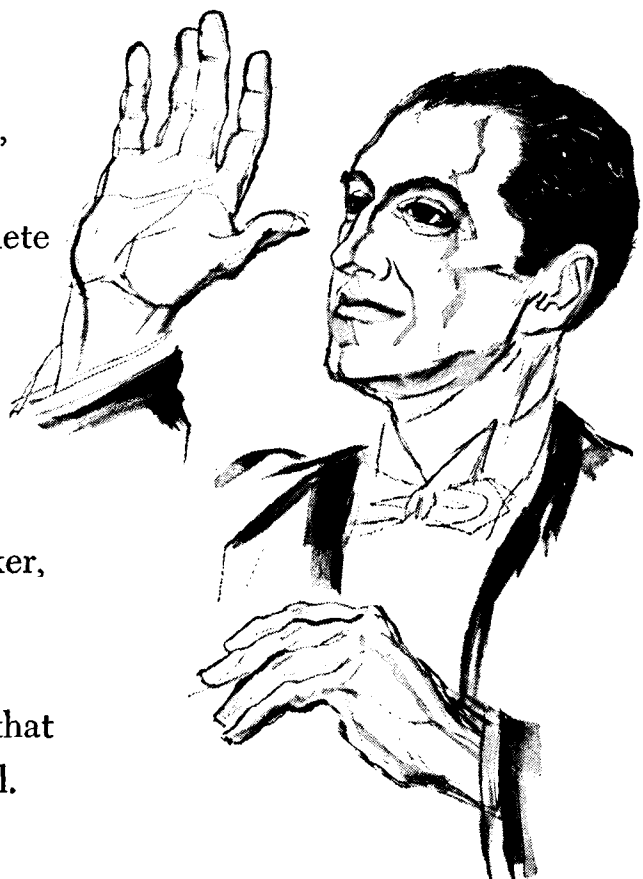

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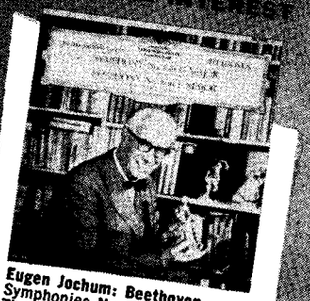

Eugen Jochum: Beethoven Symphonies No. 1 & 8. The Bavarian Radio Symphony; the Berlin Philharmonic.*
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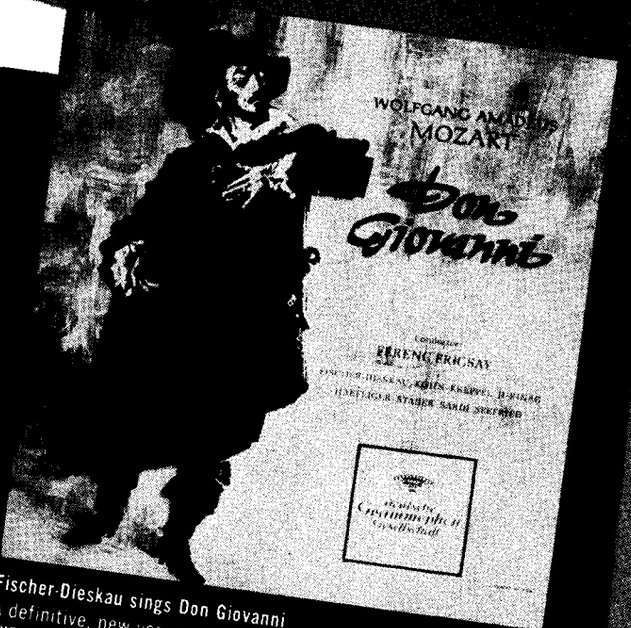

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto No. 1 in C, op. 15. Wilhelm Backhaus, piano, with Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London CS 6099, $4.98.	Backhaus and Schmidt-Isserstedt make a compatible pair, especially in this youthful work, performed with more fire and in a broader spirit than it usually enjoys. The pianist erects his own kind of symmetrical, beautifully proportioned structure, with the orchestral foundation firmly laid down by S.I. Uncommonly fine stereo, not only in the concerto but also in the full-fashioned version of the C minor sonata (opus 13, "Pathétique") which fills out side two.
Brahms: Symphonies Nos. 1 and 4, "Academic Festival" overture. Eduard van Beinum conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. Epic BSC 103, $11.98.	One of the best of all recorded performances of the great No. 1, broad and spacious in conception, warm and affecting in execution, with a comparable quality in No. 4. It is to van Beinum's special credit that he resists all temptation to over-dramatize the finale, permitting its content to accumulate to a natural (and thus more propulsive) climax. The splendid Dutch strings and rich brass make a particularly sonorous thing of No. 4. (The overture was reviewed last month).
Brahms: Variations on a theme by Haydn. Wagner: "Siegfried Idyll," "Träume." Paul Kletzki conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel S 35765, $5.98.	Kletzki is a competent conductor, the Philharmonia a more than competent orchestra, but neither provides what music of the familiarity and compulsion of the repertory here listed demands: the animating life pulse of a compelling conception, or the invigorating touch of poetry that lifts the curtain of dulling repetition and reveals a new vista. Excellent orchestral playing, soundly reproduced.
Debussy: "La Mer," "L'Après-midi d'un faune." Ravel: "Daphnis et Chloe" (Suite No. 2). Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia MS 6077, $5.98.	Imagine the most lustrous sound possible from loudspeakers in pairs, and add twenty per cent more: the result will be in the range of that produced by orchestra, conductor, and engineers here. In addition, the brief "Prelude" is illuminated by some superb solo playing. However, Ormandy tends to bulldoze the dynamic terrain of the evocative "La Mer" and "Daphnis et Chloe," with a leveling-off, also, of the definitions and distinctions which contribute to their individuality. For purely aural pleasure the disc can be recommended without reservations, but a full realization of this music asks somewhat more.
Debussy: "La Boîte à joujoux," "Printemps." Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London CS 6079, $4.98.	Though these early and late works (inverse to the sequence of the listing) are not close to the best of which the composer was capable, each has its interest, especially as animated by Ansermet and his unfailingly responsive orchestra. According to custom, the toy ballet is performed in the orchestration of Caplet, "Printemps" in the arrangement of Henri Busser.
Kay: "Stars and Stripes," "Western Symphony." Robert Irving conducting the New York Ballet Orchestra. Kapp LP 9036, $3.98.	As noted on the occasion of a previous recording, Kay's score owes as much to Sousa's tunes as it does to his own ingenious use of them. Those of "Western Symphony" are anonymous but no less recognizable ("Red River Valley," "Old Taylor," "Golden Slippers," etc.), put into a sequence not perhaps as listenable as it is danceable, but engaging withal. Irving's attack tends to be blunt and without much subtlety, which hardly serves the purpose as it might. The orchestra is good, the recording marked by superior presence and definition, also barn-like resonance.
Mozart: "Serenade in G" ("Eine Kleine Nachtmusik"), "Serenata Notturna" (K. 239), Divertimento in D (K.136). I Musici, Epic LC 3613, $4.98.	This batch of Mozart is more satisfying than a previous one from I Musici, possibly because the works lend themselves better to their kind of ensemble, or more specifically for the instances of Italianate thinking they contain. The "Serenata" is a celebrated delight, performed with spirit and discriminating musicianship under the leadership of Felix Ayo. Admirable reproduction.
Prokofiev: Sinfonia Concertante, op. 125. M. Rostropovich, cello, with Kurt Sanderling conducting. Shostakovich: "Concertino." D. and M. Shostakovich, duo-pianists. Monitor MC 2040, $4.98.	Despite the promise of the names involved, the total of music here is rather paltry: Prokofiev's work, for all its high opus number, is a reworking of the first cello concerto written in 1934, rewritten in 1952 as the cello concerto No. 2, and then altered to suit its present title. Rostropovich plays it with all conviction, but the lapses of interest are difficult to conceal. Shostakovich's eight-minute "Concertino" is well within the technical grasp of his 'teen-aged son, for whom it was written, but the silly-sallies of the musical content are too little balanced by other content for my taste. Both works are satisfactorily reproduced.
Schumann: Symphony No. 1 in B flat ("Spring"), "Manfred" Overture. George Szell conducting the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. Epic BC 1039, $5.98.	Szell's ample supply of virtues does not include the kind of plastic sense of melodic continuity, or blitheness of spirit to realize, fully, the poetic riches Schumann imparted to this work. What he does provide is a beautiful shaping of the outer shell, with little of the inner substance to sustain the interest when the externals have been absorbed. The overture is also cleanly, rather carefully, performed.
Strauss: "Don Quixote," "Till Eulenspiegel." Rudolf Kempe conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, with Paul Tortellier, cello, and Giusto Cappone, viola. Capitol SG 7190, $5.98.	As a cellist with a previous history of impersonating Don Quixote musically (in company with Beecham on 78 rpm), Tortellier hardly established a recollection that made an encore imperative. He performs here in the same quietly competent way, though without the kind of dramatic flair that lends narrative interest to the music or a depth of feeling that transcends the limitations of strings and bow. Kempe sketches in a well-detailed background, and also leads a frisky "Eulenspiegel."
Strauss: "Parergon to Sinfonia Domestica." Paul Wittgenstein, piano, with orchestra conducted by Eric Simon. Boston Records B 412, $4.98.	Lacking another interpreter for the work which Strauss made for him for left hand purposes (one of the series of commissions which also produced the often-heard work of Ravel) Wittgenstein's effort is both historically interesting and musically worthy. However it doesn't strike me that Strauss over-extended himself in this "Parergon" (meaning "addition," or "appendix") to his tone poem. Overside Wittgenstein (who lost his right arm in World War I) performs a series of transcriptions by himself and others—"Lucia" sextette, "Du bist die Ruh'," the "Liebestod," etc.—with rather more enthusiasm than accuracy. Obviously it is easier for a two-handed pianist to play with one hand than for the man who is actually, physically, handicapped.
Tchaikovsky: "Swan Lake" excerpts. Yehudi Menuhin, violin, with Efrem Kurtz conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Capitol SG 7188, $5.98.	Menuhin's participation in the performance of the violin soli gives a gloss of sonorous virtuosity to these charming passages which enhances much the otherwise adept performance under Kurtz. In addition to mostly familiar material, Kurtz includes the coda to the long *pas de deux* of the Princess and Siegfried. Very good sound.

—Irving Kolodin.

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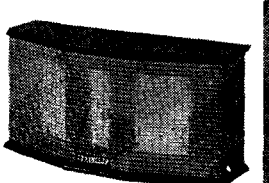

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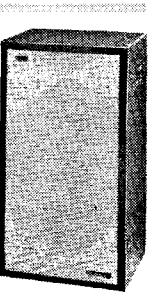

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Quintet, op. 16. Mozart: Quintet in E flat (K.452). Frank Glazer, piano, with the New York Woodwind Quintet. Concertdisc CS 213, $6.95.	Glazer and his affiliated windmen (Jerome Roth, oboe, David Glazer, clarinet, John Barrows, horn, Arthur Weisberg, bassoon) are all performers of merit, but they lack the finesse or definition of detail that make the performances of these works by Gieseking and the Philharmonia Wind Quartet (Angel 35303) the special joy they are. At the same time, it must be noted that the stereo gives the sound a spread it doesn't possess there.
Brahms: "Liebeslieder" waltzes. Elsie Morison, soprano, Marjorie Thomas, mezzo, Richard Lewis, tenor, and Donald Bell, baritone, with Vronsky and Babin, pianists. Capitol G 7189, $4.98.	As all the elements are first class (or approximately so), the results are also of a high order—perhaps the best totality these works have enjoyed on LP. The ensemble sound of the voices is a finely blended one, and it floats beautifully on the stream of sonority provided by Vronsky and Babin. Moreover, as the performers are on their own, insofar as leadership is concerned, the element of personality is more pronounced than is customary. Some of the soli on side two fare less well, but the whole enterprise comes off very well. No stereo yet, but fine sound in the monophonic.
Gluck: "Grands Dieux! du destin, qui m'accable" ("Alceste"), Beethoven: "Ah, Perfido," "Abscheulicher" ("Fidelio"), etc. Eileen Farrell, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Max Rudolf. Columbia MS 6086, $5.98.	A preview of things to come at the Metropolitan next season, with Farrell in abundant voice and the surrounding details of orchestral background and reproduction realized in admirable manner. In addition to "Ah, Perfido!" (which Miss Farrell has been singing very well for years and years) and "Abscheulicher" (rather more of a chore for her), her recital includes "Leise, Leise" and "Und ob die Wolke" from Weber's "Der Freischütz" and "Solo un pianto" from Cherubini's "Medea."
Handel: Suites (Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 6). Anton Heiller, harpsichord. Vanguard BGS 5020, $5.95. Nos. 1, 5, 7 and 8. Vanguard BGS 5021, $5.95.	Save for a movement here and there (such as the air and variations of No. 5 known as "The Harmonious Blacksmith") the content of these suites is less than the captivating kind one expects of Handel, tending more to formula than originality. Heiller plays them with due attention to musicianly detail and a generally thoughtful choice of tempi, voicings, etc., but also with a rather methodical choice of dynamics and not much that is enlivening or personal. His harpsichord responds well to the opportunities of stereo, emerging, as an accompanying reminder mentions, "to the right of the left channel." I trust there is nothing political in this orientation.
Mahler: "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen," "Kindertotenlieder." Christa Ludwig, mezzo, with Sir Adrian Boult and André Vandernoot conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel S 35776, $5.98.	Ludwig is a charming singer with an assured command of her appealing voice, but it is rather small in scope, lacking in weight at the bottom for the darker moods of these songs. The two conductors (listed in order of their participation) are sympathetic collaborators, but neither has the special sense of the composer's idiom to keep the attention from lagging when impetus or momentum are lacking in the settings themselves. On the whole, the attitude that slow tempi are indispensable from a realization of Mahler's purpose is a fallacy. Fine sound.
Mendelssohn: Octet, op. 20. Janacek, Smetana Quartets. Westminster XWN 18856, $4.98.	The use of two organized ensembles guarantees a surer integration of first and second parts in the writing than is sometimes heard, but whether it also results in a harmonious blend of all elements [one ensemble of eight, rather than two times four] may be questioned. It works in this instance, thanks to the devotion to the project of the two particular quartets involved and their common view of the matter. It is all of a piece, and the piece is all Mendelssohn. No stereo yet.
Moussorgsky: "Pictures at an Exhibition." Vladimir Horowitz, piano. RCA Victor LM 2357, $4.98.	An actual performance "take" (with all that it implies in the case of this remarkable interpreter) as heard in Carnegie Hall on April 23, 1951. It is alternately lulling and hair-raising, measurably superior in tension as well as quality of piano sound to its studio predecessor LVT 1023. As for the "edition" (by the performer himself) it is mostly an improvement on the original, though the climax of "Great Gate at Kiev" calls upon some treble tremolos which tend to sound thin and toneless under the tremendous pressure applied by Horowitz. Save for a cough or two, the presence of the audience is not intrusive.
Mozart: "Voi che sapete," "Non so piu" ("Figaro"), "Vedrai, carino" ("Don Giovanni"), "Ach, ich fühl's," ("Zauberflöte"), "In uomini" ("Così"), etc. Anna Moffo, soprano, with Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Alceo Galliera. Angel S 35716, $5.98.	It is an encouraging sign of the time that a singer so new to fame as Moffo sings Mozart as a matter of course, and, on the whole, sings him well. The vocal quality is better suited to the lighter moods of "Voi che sapete" and "In uomini" than it is to "Ach, ich fühl's" but the feeling for the style is consistent throughout. She is less at ease in the concert air "Misera, dove son?" (K.369) and the challenging "Laudamus te" and "Et incarnatus est" from the C minor Mass. Galliera does his work well.
Puccini: "Gianni Schicchi." Tito Gobbi, Victoria de los Angeles, and Carlo del Monte, with Gabriele Santini conducting the orchestra of the Rome Opera. Capitol SGAR 7179, $5.98.	A generally absorbing and often amusing performance, thanks in large part to Gobbi's robust comic spirit and the values it imparts to the "fat" (in more ways than one) part of Gianni himself. Needless to say, de los Angeles sings the arietta "O mio babbino caro" delightfully, but del Monte is rather below their par in the music of Rinuccio. Santini keeps the work moving, though a little more clarification of the vocal-instrumental ensemble would be welcome.
Schubert: Sonatas in B flat (Op. Posth.) and A minor (op. 143). Joerg Demus, piano. Westminster XWN 18845, $4.98.	Demus has the one indispensable for qualified performance of Schubert—a piano sound of clinging sonority and singing warmth, plus a discreet use of pedal. He also has a cultivated feeling for the elements in Schubert's writing which distinguish it from the piano writing of others. My dissent is with his dynamic pattern, which tends to be restricted, with a consistent inclination to understatement which may be defensible in the concert hall, but tends to lose the listener's interest on a recording, where visual contact with the performer is absent. The piano sound is well suited to the literature.
Schmitt: Quartet, op. 112. Champeil Quartet. Pathé DTX 232, $5.95.	There is a good deal of compositional craft in this work of Schmitt's later life, as well as a strong feeling for the string ensemble. However the musical ideas themselves are lacking in strong outline or personality, which necessarily affects the attention. The slow movement, marked "In Memoriam—de grands Morts: Chopin, Chabrier, Fauré, Borodine, Rimsky . . . Balakirev, Albeniz . . ." promises more than it realizes. The performance of the quartet is excellent, the reproduction quite good.
Verdi: "Caro nome," "Pace, pace," "Ritorna vincitor" etc. Maria Callas, soprano, with Tito Gobbi, Fedora Barbieri, etc., Tullio Serafin, Antonino Votto conducting. Angel 35759, $4.98.	As might be suspected these are excerpts from the complete versions of "Rigoletto," "Forza del Destino," "Aida," and "Ballo in Maschera" with Callas as *prima*. They vary, of course, in the degree that she is suitable to their vocal demands, with "Rigoletto" at the outermost point of acceptability. —I. K.

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Children's Corner

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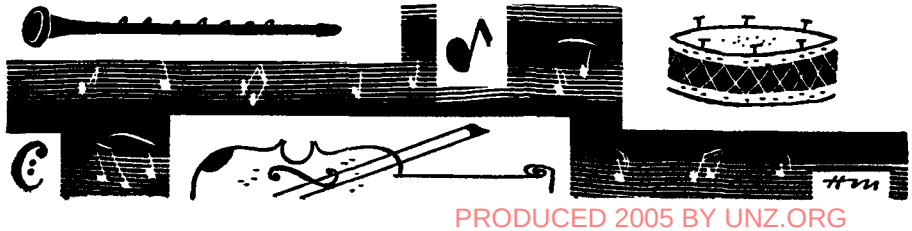

THE OTHER SIDE

Prosperity and Problems

LONDON.

AT A TIME when the country as a whole is permeated by a general feeling of prosperity, the record industry, on the face of it, should be riding on the crest of the wave. Yet that is patently not the case, and the big companies must be looking back nostalgically toward the halcyon days of four or five years ago when expansion at an unprecedented rate was the order of the day and everything seemed set fair for a long time to come. Today the situation is very different indeed; we are long way past saturation point as far as mono LP discs are concerned, and so far stereo has not been able to stem the gradually receding tide.

Perhaps this is not surprising when we remember how long it took LP to become fully established in this country in the face of ignorant prejudice, much of it fostered by reluctant manufacturers and a timid trade anxious to preserve the status quo. Stereo, of course, has had the advantage of being backed from the outset by a virtually united industry, but on the debit side it must overcome even greater sales resistance from a public that has, in recent years, invested heavily in mono discs and equipment, and which therefore cannot be expected to relish the idea that technical progress should once again devalue this investment while making considerable further demands on its spending power.

That this problem is by no means confined to Britain was brought home to me by a recent, disturbing editorial on the same question in an American periodical. Nor is our task of converting the general public to a belief in the immense possibilities of stereo likely to be accelerated by current trends in mono marketing. Cheap labels have, of course, been a prominent feature of the American record scene for many years, but in Britain they may be said to date back no further than the summer of 1958, when Decca launched its "Ace of Clubs" series of inexpensive reprints. The success of this bold venture, originally designed to combat the activities of sundry record clubs, has now brought about a chain reaction and all the big companies are promoting "bargain" labels offering astonishing value to collectors.

EMI have been the last to enter this field, but HMV's new series of "Concert Classics" is likely to cause a considerable stir, consisting as it does of brand new recordings by top-line artists, with twelve-inch discs selling at 22s.6d. (compared with the "normal" price of

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39s.9d.). The first release includes a collection of Sullivan overtures conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto played by Jakob Gimpel with the Berlin Philharmonic under Kempe and a formidable, three-sided version of Beethoven's Ninth—with the Fifth Symphony as "fill-up"—conducted by Schuricht. Strange though it may seem, this appears to be the first time that a French choir and orchestra—the Elisabeth Brasseur Chorale and the Conservatoire Orchestra—have recorded the Ninth Symphony, although the capable solo quartet (Lipp, Höffgen, Dickie and Frick) as well as the conductor were "imported" for the occasion.

Meanwhile, on the upper level, Decca continues to supply the champions of stereo with sure-fire ammunition and, following hard on the heels of "Peter Grimes," November has brought another operatic triumph—a brand new "Bohème." For sheer imaginative use of the most advanced techniques, Decca's engineers seem to me to be in a class by themselves. It is possible that some listeners will find the depth of focus almost excessive, preferring a closer contact with the protagonists, but to my ears the balance here achieved between orchestra and voices is quite perfect.

ALL this, of course, would be of little avail were we not also confronted with a performance of uncommon distinction. Connoisseurs of this eternally youthful score, it may be assumed, already possess either Toscanini's smouldering account or Beecham's more detached but beautifully sensuous reading (if not both), not to mention Callas's touching Mimi on Columbia/Angel, but if Decca's performance does not possess the imprint of a single, outstanding personality, its strength lies in its all-round excellence. Tebaldi here repeats her splendid Mimi of Decca's earlier "Bohème," producing a stream of warm, saturated tone, and shaping the music with sympathy and intelligence. If she does not, perhaps, move us as deeply as some Mimis, it is because she cannot prevent her voice from sounding gloriously healthy! Opposite her, Carlo Bergonzi is as stylish and musical a Rodolfo as we are likely to hear nowadays, while Bastianini's admirable Marcello is partnered by the young American Gianna d'Angelo's delightful Musetta. Add to this strong quartet Siepi's distinguished Colline, the lively Schaunard of Renato Cesari and the excellent Corena, once again doubling Benoit and Alcindoro, and the result is a cast without a single "passenger." Serafin conducts in his usual relaxed yet authoritative manner; some of the tempi are on the slow side, perhaps, and on

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. . . in component systems
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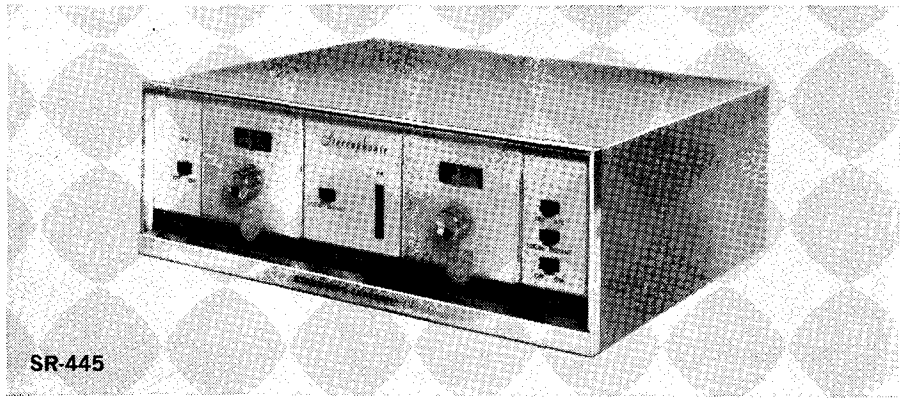
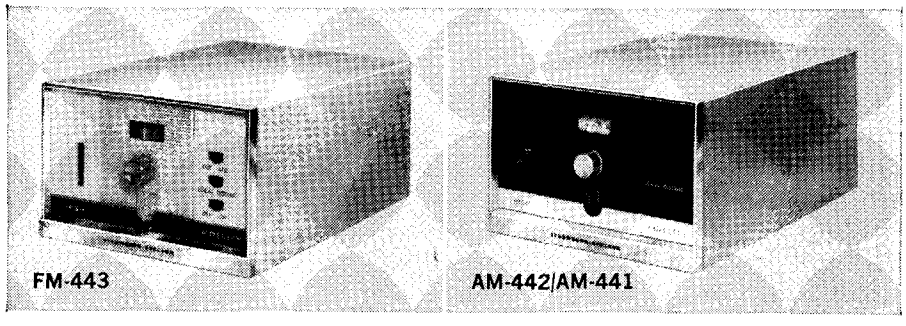


SR-445 AM-FM STEREO TUNER The SR-445 is actually two separate and complete units—with individual tubes and circuitry—mounted on one chassis. Operate as an AM tuner, an FM tuner or together as an AM-FM stereo tuner. The SR-445 combines the separate AM and FM tuners described below. The specifications are exactly the same as listed for these two units.
SR-445 . . . $129.95*

All three tuners are available in gold and white or black and brushed chrome. Top cover in white, black, tan or red available at extra cost.



FM-443 Exceptionally sensitive, low noise reception due to the wide peak-to-peak separation (475 kc) and long, linear slope (350 kc) of the balanced ratio detector, and the grounded grid cascode front end. Sensitivity is 2 uv for 20 db quieting (300 ohm). Local-Distant Switch, "hair-trigger" tuning eye, AFC. Range: 88-108 mc. Bandwidth: 200 kc. Frequency Response: 20-20,000 cps. Auxiliary power for AM-441 tuner. Provision for multiplex adapter.
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AM-442 Frequency Response of 20-7,000 cps, down 7 db at 7,000 cps. Tuned RF stage and 3-gang variable tuning condenser. Range is 540 to 1,600 kc; Bandwidth is 9 kc. Local-Distant Switch adds 20 db quieting on local stations. Adjustable ferrite loop and external antenna. AM-442 . . . . $59.95*

AM-441 AM TUNER Same as above, but without its own power supply.
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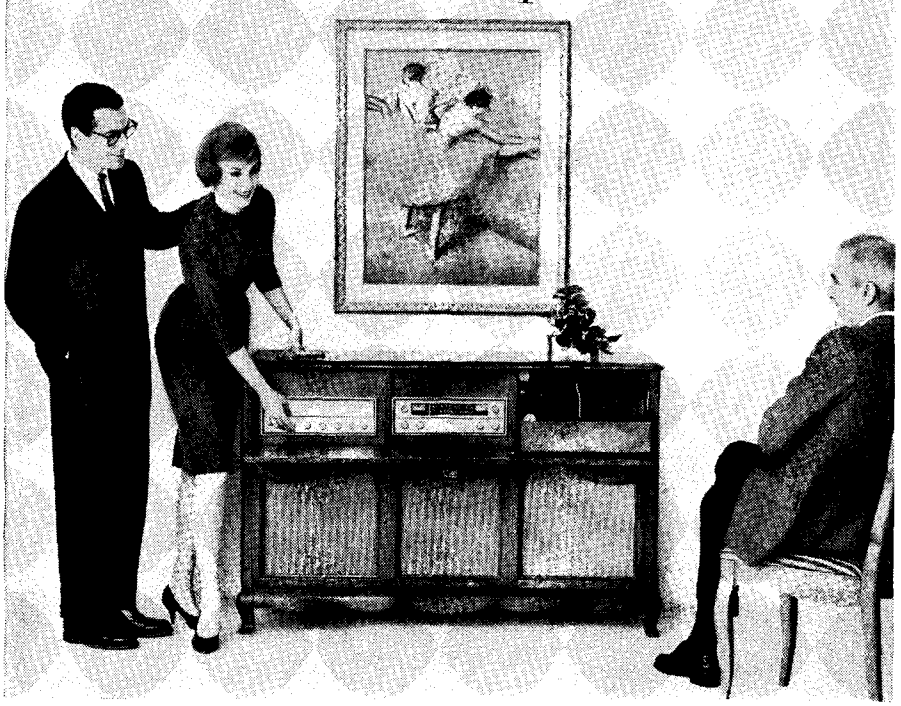

The audio engineer in the upper photo and the happy couple below are enjoying the exciting output of the *identical Pilot stereo components*. The Pilot stereo preamplifier, the dual channel Pilot amplifier, the precision Pilot FM-AM stereo tuner, and the Garrard changer are the same in each case. Both systems provide that elusive "in person" quality that *only custom stereophonic components can give*. The only difference is that the couple chose to buy their system in one of eight magnificent hand-rubbed Pilot consoles.

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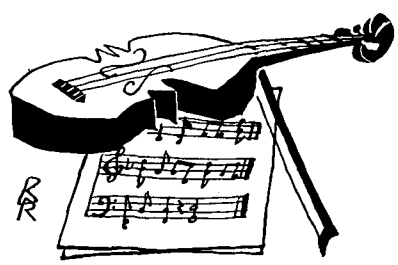
occasion he allows his singers too much latitude.

EMI have given stereo a miss this month, presumably to let production catch up with their over-optimistic publicity; instead, we have a lengthy mono list featuring a re-make of Gounod's "Faust" with de los Angeles, Christoff, and Gedda under Cluytens (HMV) and a new "Manon Lescaut" starring Callas (Columbia). Cluytens's account of the "Symphonie Fantastique" hardly measures up to Beecham's inspired performance; Sir Thomas's latest issue—a new version of Beethoven's No. 7—must, on the other hand, be regarded as one of his few phonographic failures. For all its exuberance and vitality, this is a curiously trivial performance, one that lacks what—for want of a better term—I should call Beethoven's "specific gravity." (But it is good to have Sir Thomas back amongst us, with his pulse-quickening performances garnished with the customary quips and assorted "lollipops," and Glyndebourne has just announced the exciting news that he has accepted its invitation to conduct "Die Zauberflöte" next summer!)



OTHER notable EMI additions include Hindemith's Symphonia Serena and Horn Concerto, played by the Philharmonia under the direction of the composer. The soloist in the concerto is the late Dennis Brain, in Hindemith's own words "the unsurpassed original performer of this piece," and this is, alas, his recorded swan-song. The arrival of a new set of the Brandenburg Concertos by the Bath Festival Orchestra, led and directed by Menuhin, is awaited with the greatest interest.

Finally I should like to welcome the first important result of the government's decision, some months back, to raise its long-standing embargo on the import of American records: the return of the Westminster label. Ever since Nixa was taken over by Pye, this fine catalogue has been inaccessible to British collectors, but with the establishment of Westminster's own British company, and an initial release of some fifty discs, things are beginning to look up, and we can now look forward to further riches from this enterprising firm.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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The Tape Story

Continued from page 47

flipped over to permit using its other set of tracks. A balance control permits adjusting both channels for equal output.

Generally, the unit did not record as well as it played. A variety of material was recorded onto a cartridge containing blank tape. The SCP2 went into overload and distortion on some input signal levels that would be handled with relative ease by a good standard tape recorder running at 7½ ips. Because of this distortion, the useful acceptance response of the SCP2, in playing what it had just recorded, was limited.

THE RCA cartridge player, in common with many low-priced standard package tape recorders, contains features that are of no prime interest to the hi-fi enthusiast. These include, specifically, playback channels that actually limit the quality of its own playback potential, as well as a recording facility that falls short of real hi-fi. For those willing to accept this, and use the equipment within its limits, fine. But this situation also suggests the adaptation of the cartridge as an independent program source, with a suitable "deck." In this regard, a new line of units produced by Bell would be of interest. It comprises a number of cartridge players, but with varying degrees of built-in electronics, including a $99.95 model that plays stereo tape cartridges when connected to the proper inputs of an external stereo amplifier and speaker system. Quite likely, others—maybe even Victor—will offer such "cartridge transports" in the near future. Certainly, there should be an appreciable number of hi-fi owners who would be attracted by a tape system which was *that* convenient and *that* low-priced.

Until such time, there seems to be general industry agreement that the different systems, rather than occasioning a "war of speeds," will coexist, with each appealing to different segments of the market. The cartridge people are convinced that tape on reels never will become a mass-market item; they are aiming at a large "non-critical" audience who will use the means within its acknowledged limits. The standard tape people, for their part, will continue to offer their decks and reels to the quality-conscious listener who doesn't mind the effort required to use them. With increasing numbers of people becoming intrigued by stereo and hi-fi, and a concomitant overlapping of groups of "casual" and "serious" music listeners, the obvious answer is a "deck" to do both jobs. It would be a blessing to all concerned.

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THE AMEN CORNER

Whither?

THE MODERN jazz scene is quite as puzzling, so far as the future is concerned, as that of modern music in general. The newer jazz men use very full musical vocabularies, reaching often into polytonality, sometimes into atonality. Their compositional procedures have, I believe, even included the tone-row. There are all manner of styles and directions. Taking pianists alone, for instance, we have the neo-classic jazz of Mose Allison and the neo-romanticism of Dave Brubeck and André Previn; we have the chaste refinements of John Lewis, and the wry dissonant subtleties of Thelonious Monk, and the polytonal extravaganzas of Cecil Taylor. I could go on, but my point is: where is the music going?

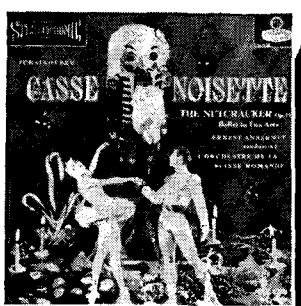
Musical pundits like to ask this large and treacherous question, and the bearded solons of modern-jazz are no exception. This reviewer will not beg the question. It seems to me that most talk about the musical future is essentially footless, for the good reason that the future is unpredictably dominated by unpredictable individuals. I know that musicians grow in certain soils, in certain weathers; I presume that their growth is affected by all the surrounding conditions; I simply insist that the most spectacular growths confound anything that might have been expected from a previous survey of the conditions. Who were the prophets of Mozart, or Erik Satie, or Lester Young? In retrospect "influences" may be noted, but the contemplation of them at the time would not have foreseen the new treasure. The great artist may spring out of a trend, but he is always a transcendent surprise, and it is he who sets the "trend" of many lesser men.

Cecil Taylor — "extremes of dissonant improvisation."

These thoughts on individualism, in the organization age, are prompted by two LPs called "The Shape of Things to Come" (Atlantic 1317) and "Tomorrow Is the Question" (Contemporary M3569). The leader in both cases is the alto saxophonist Ornette Coleman, whose first recording was saluted in this column, a year or so ago, as be-bop-inspired music of much originality and fascination. In both of the new discs he plays with Donald Cherry, trumpet or cornet, who has an uncanny rapport with Coleman, plus a bassist and drummer. The fifteen compositions are all by Coleman. This music has linear wit, harmonic piquancy, rhythmic impudence—a kind of fey strength which reminds me of the drawings and paintings of Paul Klee. It is unmistakably jazz; it is, just as unmistakably, jazz of a fresh order. I should perhaps add that the improvising, of which there is a great deal, is in perfect keeping with Coleman's eccentric writing.

Another mood—the vigorously lyrical—is to be heard in "Kind of Blue" (Columbia CL 1355) [See *SR* Sept. 12]

3 Greats from LONDON



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"Her singing is indeed marvelous."
Arias from Lucia di Lammermoor, Ernani
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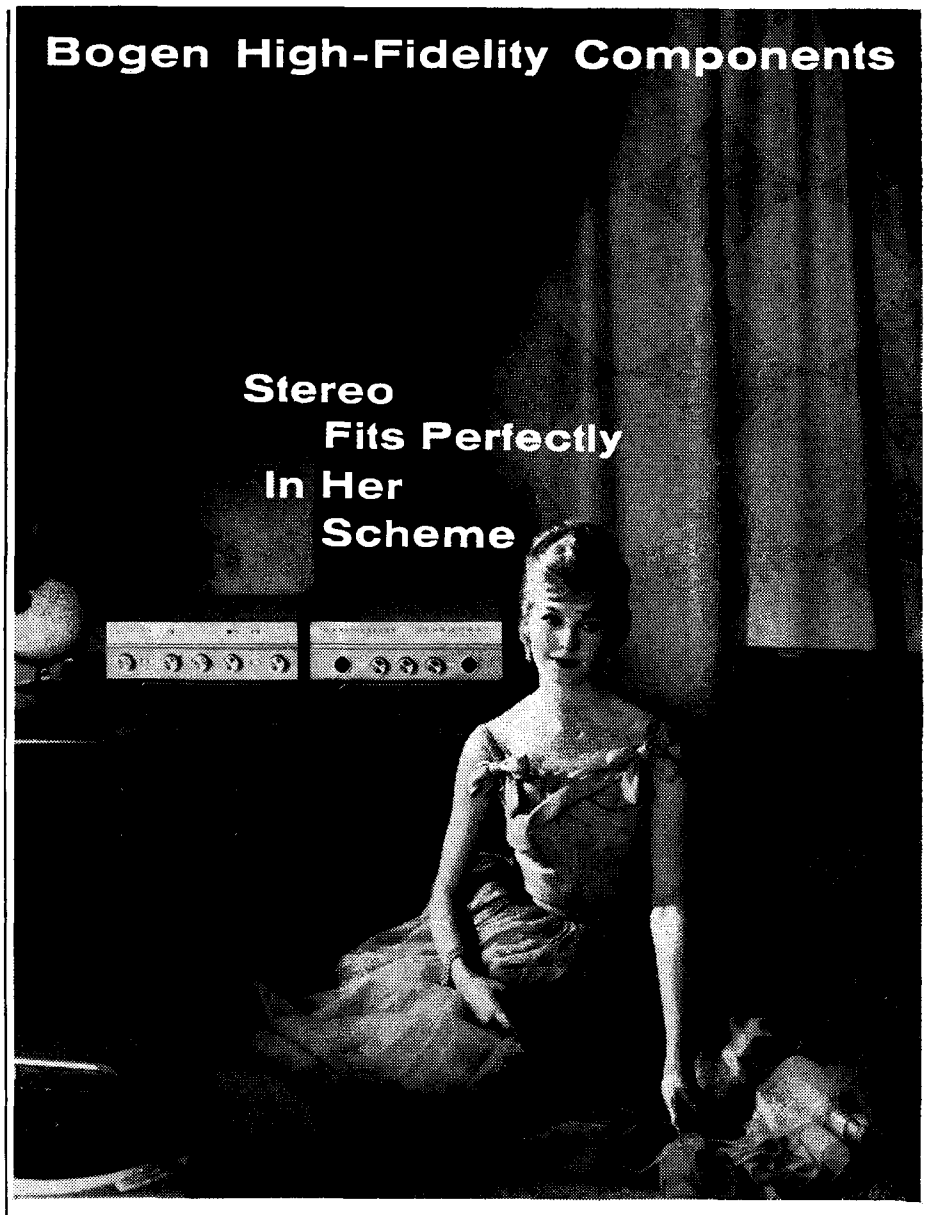
by trumpeter Miles Davis and an all-star cast: Julian "Cannonball" Adderley, alto sax; John Coltrane, tenor sax; Bill Evans or Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; and James Cobb, drums. Davis is, to my way of thinking, the outstanding figure in modern jazz today, a fine fusion of brazen warmth and sensitive invention, and this is one of his most affecting discs. He wrote the sketches for the five numbers a few hours before reaching the studio; the band had never played them before; and the fancy, both simple and opulent, which is lavished upon them by the sextet of masters makes the LP a must for any follower of the school. This is richly rewarding development of the early instrumental blues tradition.

The pianist Cecil Taylor's latest plunge into the extremes of dissonant improvisation is "Love for Sale" (United Artists UAL 4046) based on three Cole Porter themes and two Taylor originals. The Porters are with rhythm section; the Taylors involve Bill Barron, tenor sax; Ted Curzon, trumpet; Buell Neidlinger, bass; and Rudy Collins, drums. I find a good part of this a harsh, hammering, complex music whose design and expressive purpose elude me.

We are in translucent territory again with "Sliding Easy" by The Curtis Fuller Sextet (United Artists UAL 4041). Fuller's slightly foggy, persuasive trombone is one of the ornaments of the new jazz, and he is surrounded by first class sidemen: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor sax; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; and Elvin Jones, drums. This is all delightful, delicately swinging stuff, orchestrated by Benny Golson and Gigi Gryce, and I would call particular attention to Fuller's superbly flexible work on Charlie Parker's "Bongo Bop."

There are three suggestions from the piano department. John Lewis's "Improvised Meditations and Excursions" (Atlantic 1313) is just that: a quiet, seductively syncopated session with the leader of the Modern Jazz Quartet. He is one of the most succinct of players, and I think it is not too schmaltzy to say that he makes affectionate music. The excursions include such buoyant affairs as Charlie Parker's "Now's the Time"; the Meditations, "Yesterdays" and "September Song." Dick Katz is another pianist of high discretion and offers a light, silvery, mixed program, "Piano and Pen" (Atlantic 1314), with rhythm section and the counterplay of the guitarists Chuck Wayne and Jimmy Raney. Two-piano addicts will be rewarded by the gifted antiphony of Bob Brookmeyer and Bill Evans (United Artists UAL 3044) in such favorites as "The Way You Look Tonight."

—WILDER HOBSON.



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hear here

WAY OUT . . . Over the river and through the woods to grandmother's house just won't work this Thanksgiving for a wandering writer and his family. He's over the Thames. Grandma's over the Ohio. He solved it by taping greetings from his family and describing their plans for the holiday. He says the mailman can do the woods bit.

WHOOPS . . . Dedicated skier we know tipped a tibia first time out. His buddies cheer him up by sending recordings of their post-slope blasts. "SCOTCH" BRAND Living Letters will accommodate "Molly Malone," with room for a bit of "Gaudeamus Igitur."

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Ogden Nash lyrics for the Prokofieff classic

ABC-TV NETWORK—SUNDAY, NOV. 29
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QUOTES . . . A bibliophile buddy reports that placing his tape recorder next to his bed during late night reading sessions allows him to preserve quotes that usually prove elusive the morning after. Naturally, a man as ingenious as this uses "SCOTCH" BRAND Tartan Series Tapes.

ONENESS . . . It's quite natural for recording fans to be fascinated by developments in video tape. By way of general information, let's set the record straight. There is only one video tape in commercial use. It's made by 3M, pioneers in tape recording.

"SCOTCH" BRAND MAGNETIC TAPE

MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
. . . WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW

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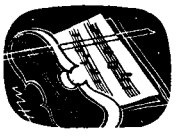
Vocal Masters of the Baroque

THE production of baroque church music on records continues, at a steady pace, to suggest that there is a wider public for such material than would be suspected. First of all, we have a group of three Italian records in Westminster's Milanese Angelicum series. The repertory includes an oratorio by Giacomo Carissimi (1605-74), "Judicium extremum," together with two of his smaller pieces, here misdesignated oratorios, "Suscitavit Dominus" and "Militia est vita hominis" (XWN 18835, $4.98). Two psalm settings by Benedetto Marcello (1686-1739), Psalms XV and XVIII, are on another record (XWN 18837, $4.98), and the third (XWN 18838, $4.98) gives the oratorio "Il sepolcro" by Marc 'Antonio Ziani (1653-1715).

Ziani is the least known of the three composers, but here much the most interesting. He enjoyed a successful career as an opera composer in his native Venice, and later held important jobs in Mantua and Vienna. He does strikingly well in adapting the dramatic resources of baroque opera to the needs of sacred music, and his oratorio is often an exciting composition. The devices are all stock-in-trade, but they are used with precision and originality. Carissimi subjected his own vocabulary to quite severe limitations in his oratorios because he was trying to keep the music simple and easily accessible to a large and unsophisticated public—the still new form of oratorio was then actually part of the Jesuits' propaganda machinery—and the results now seem for the most part deplorably dull. Marcello, who, incidentally, sets not the biblical psalm texts but Italian verse paraphrases, writes music that is not unpleasant. His strings of attractively tailored platitudes fail to grip the mind, however.

The records range from inadequate to impossible. The best of them is the Ziani: Bruno Maderna keeps the performance reasonably precise and lively, but he knows nothing about such matters as proper continuo realization or the placement and execution of embellishments. Two of the soloists are acceptable, but the lady who takes the part of Mary Magdalene is not what I would quite call a singer. Also, someone in Milan ought to be told that a harpsichord needs to be tuned once in a while. The Marcello pieces suffer from the attentions of a contralto who snarls "The heavens are telling the glory of the Lord" in quite a frightening lady-baritone voice—for Mistress Quickly this might not be a bad sound; and, seriously, would this not be a good occasion to use a counter-tenor for whom life in that difficult area around middle C would be so much more comfortable? Aladar Janes conducts, and not well. He is also in charge of poor Carissimi, and has produced what I am fairly sure is the worst record I have ever been asked to review. Without going into every gruesome detail about the organ that functions at a pitch all its own, the dreadful orchestra and chorus, the impossible soloists, and all the rest of it, let me draw a veil over the whole business and simply say that with the possible exception of Ziani's "Sepolcro" these records are all good ones to avoid. From the many performers who undertook their jobs without understanding them, to the persons at Westminster responsible for the acceptance of these discs for the American market, everyone concerned stands condemned by this release.



Whereas everything in their last couple of centuries of music history has conspired to make the Italians mostly unfit to deal with their own old music, the French manage theirs rather well, and the three new records are on the whole excellent. One (Westminster XWN 18784, $4.98) is devoted entirely to the music of Michel-Richard de Lalande (1657-1726), Superintendent of Music for Louis XIV, and contains his settings, in Latin, of Psalms CXXVI and CXLIV. Another (XWN 18792, $4.98) contains Lalande's setting of a Cantique Spirituel "On the Happiness of the Just and the Misery of the Damned," a setting of the same text by Louis Marchand (1669-1732), and another Cantique of Marchand's, this one "In Praise of Charity." The texts of these Cantiques are meditations on biblical passages (the one on Charity is of course based on I Corinthians, XIII, and the other comes from a passage in Proverbs), and they are the work of no less an author than Jean

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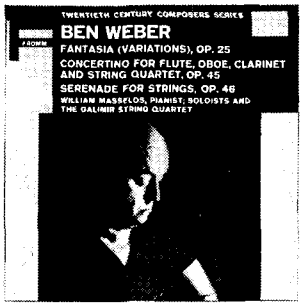
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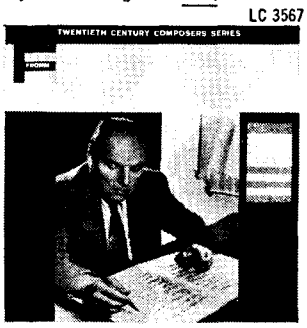

ERNST KRENEK: Sestina for Voice and Instrumental Ensemble ("superlatively beautiful piece of music . . . The performance is superb . . . the recording is a miracle of delicacy . . ."—High Fidelity); Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Instrumental Ensemble conducted by the composer; Lamentatio Jeremiae Prophetae Choir of the State School for Church Music (Dresden), Martin Flämig, cond. LC 3509

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Baptiste Racine. The confrontation of composers somewhat unexpectedly works out in favor of Marchand, but it should be added that the competition is not quite fair in as much as Lalande's piece has come down to us in incomplete form and has had to be put together a bit like the dinosaur skeleton at the Natural History Museum. In any case, it is pleasant to have some evidence of Marchand's appreciable talent—after all, most people's knowledge of him is limited to the not necessarily true story of his shirking the organ and harpsichord contest with Bach in Dresden in 1717. The performances of the Cantiques and of Lalande's somewhat less interesting Psalms are by the Philippe Caillard Vocal Ensemble, the Jean-Marie Leclair Instrumental Ensemble, a group of capable soloists of whom it should be said that the baritone Camille Maurane is especially good and that the tenor Michel Hamel occasionally flats, the whole conducted by Louis Frémaux.

As we meet more of his music, it seems to become clearer that the most interesting of the French baroque composers before the great Couperin was Marc-Antoine Charpentier (1634-1704). He is represented here by one of his greatest religious works, the "Miserere des Jesuites," a setting of Psalm L for six voices (solo and choral) with orchestra. This is music at once splendid and expressive, and it comes in a most persuasive performance con-

ducted by Louis Martini. The record is by Pathé (DTX 228, $5.95), and it also contains Psalm XIX as composed by Charles-Hubert Gervais (1671-1744), an attractive piece with lots of vigorous trumpeting and drum-thumping. The two pieces come off the record in A flat and D flat respectively, keys in which such music was not composed in the 17th and early 18th centures. Unfortunately there has been no opportunity to find out in which direction the adjustment of a semitone should be made, but its pitch problems aside, this is a most rewarding record.

—MICHAEL STEINBERG.

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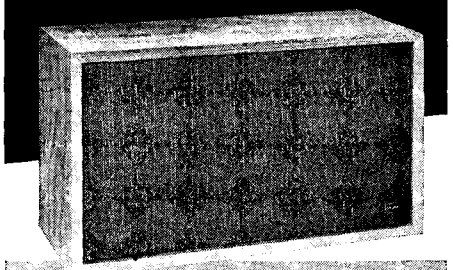

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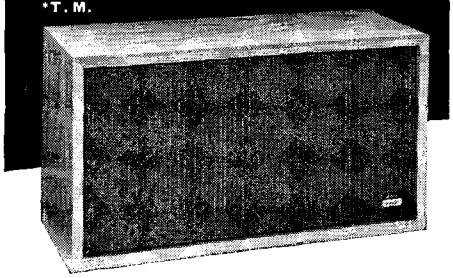

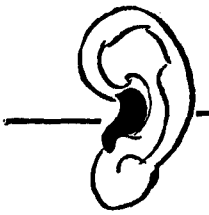

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WANT the most rambunctious version of the Mexican "La Cucaracha" yet recorded? Consult "Los Bandidos at El Toro" (Tico LP 1067, $3.98) which contains a most engaging and well performed collection of Mexican and other Latin folk and popular songs. The trio, Los Bandidos, is composed of Jorge Renán, Rafael Meléndez, and José Montalvo. Each is an accomplished hand at Spanish guitar; the voices and guitars launch triple attacks at a number of moods. These go from love songs like "A Ti Es a Quien Quiero," "Llorando por Ti," "Disierto Sin Luz," to rousing and decidedly rhythmic renditions of such robust favorites as "El Rancho Grande" and "La Cucaracha."

In the romantic numbers and love songs, there is a freshness to voices of the trio—a sound of youth, and of good if somewhat dolorous intentions. In the livelier numbers, a heat is generated, not only by the trio of guitars, but by members of an orchestra added for the recording session, that has an equal only in jazz performances of certain of the old masters, like Sidney Bechet or Louis Armstrong, or of the contemporary fellow countryman, Perez Prado.

Good, but not surpassing achievements of Los Bandidos, is music heard on the LP, "Luis Alberto del Paraná and His Trio Los Paraguayos on Stage" (Epic LN 3594, $3.98). Here too, are brilliant, exciting instrumentalists—del Parana and two members of the trio play guitars, and the fourth stringed instrument is a harp of thirty-six strings and no pedal, made by its player.

This harp and the three guitars provide luscious and tingling string tones, and the voices do very nicely with about the same sort of fare purveyed by Los Bandidos—romance spiced with a number of active dance tunes. Some of the latter, like "Marinerito de mi patria," "Chiquita linda," and "Tapyi jhaeno," have excellent dance feeling and are projected with a vigor rivalling that of Los Bandidos. The love songs, like "Estoy llorando" and "Historia de un amor," are crooned with compassion, filled with expressions like "*vision celestial*" and "*corazon*" and can thus compete with similar material as we know it from Perry Como and others of the North American circuit.

As a group, the Trio Los Paraguayos sings with more polish and evidence of training than Los Bandidos, who sound as if they were flatting every now and then, yet manage to pull out of these moments without losing their air of assurance. Señor Luis Albert del Paraná has had bestowed upon him, for his singing and instrumental performances here and abroad, the title "Official Cultural Ambassador from Paraguay."

I have reported enthusiastically of the guitar playing of Luiz Bonfá, and there is nothing about his newest LP, "Amor! The Fabulous Guitar of Luiz Bonfá," (Atlantic 8028, $3.98), that would make me retract earlier words. Bonfá is from Brazil, carries no official cultural title, and hardly needs one. His range is broader than that of groups mentioned above; this LP combines a number of breathtakingly skillful and succinctly stated guitar solos—"Marajo," "Blue Madrid," "I'll Remember April," "Bagpipes"—with his contribution to a small and varying jazz combination.

Those who play with Bonfá are Don Elliott, mellophone, vibraphone, and triangle; Tommy Lopez, bongo and conga drums; Ralph Freundlich, flute. Of the instrumental selections, "Old Times," "Brasilia," "Island of Trinidad" can be mentioned as pleasantly and carefully constructed and good to hear. Most reassuring is a statement which appears on the liner: "Luis Bonfá's guitar solos were recorded without the use, on any of the selections, of overdubbing, multiple recording, or any kind of electronic device." In other words, he plays a guitar, and the record lets us hear it that way. That's new.

A scholarly young man who has also performed in Brazil, on television programs presented by the Ministry of Education, is to be heard in Lyrichord's "Chinese Musical Masterpieces" (LL 82, $4.98). Lui Tsun-Yuen plays two stringed instruments of venerable origin; the "*pipa*," dating to *circa* 500 A.D.; the "*chin*," reported to be old as China itself. I should recommend Mr. Tsun-Yuen's recorded performances on these instruments to any one manifesting even the slightest interest in the string family; Tsun-Yuen is an artist of subtle and considerable accomplishment, and his work is performed with an authority far from stuffy. The closest American relative to the *pipa* might be the banjo, and there are moments when it seems the two might almost be interchangeable, and that we are being treated to a sort of "blue grass" music from the hinterlands of China, with West Virginia not too far behind. The *chin* resembles a long zither, an in-

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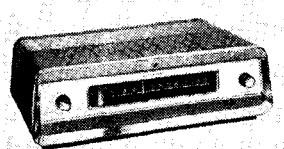

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strument not unknown in this country among folk performers.

A shattering hodgepodge of Chinese music is to be heard in "Passport to China" (Artia LP 112, $4.98). It is billed as "A Stanley Borden and J. Jay Frankel 'Cultural Exchange' Presentation," and it is stated that the recordings were made in Europe. The notes that accompany the production are otherwise useless in pinning down the source of orchestras and performers, which are given as "Chinese National Song and Dance Ensembles." Two conductors, Chenkheng Yin and Tsu Te Fang, are credited.

Some of the instrumental passages—"Music to the Dance with the Shawls," "New Life"—are, to ears more or less trained to European standards of pitch and harmony, exotic. When full orchestras of instruments unfamiliar to the listener are unleashed, it would be helpful, in a "cultural exchange" presentation, to know what they are and how they are intended to be tuned. The notes do go into a long history of Chinese music-making, including such memorable events as the establishment in 141 BC by the Emperor Wou of an Imperial Office of Music "with the specific function to supervise ceremonial, foreign, aristocratic, and folk music, and, even more important, to establish and preserve the correct pitch."

In the selections that combine vocal with instrumental performance, this listener confesses to have got lost at about 142 BC—some of the selections are sung in occidental operatic style, and sound as if the performers had been exposed to some training along these lines. At other moments, the vocalizing sounds quite oriental, and one is left wondering how it could all be brought together in one performance at one time. On evidence available here, it wasn't.

On a visa countersigned by Fred Waring, the Norman Luboff Choir has been making its way around the world with a series of LPs representing various ports of call—"Songs of the British Isles," "Songs of the Caribbean" (Columbia CL 1348, 1357, $3.98 ea.). The British collection gathers together such favorites as "What'll We Do With the Drunken Sailor?," "Oh Dear, What Can the Matter Be?," and "Loch Lomond"; the Caribbean set is enriched by "Donkey Small," "Woman Sweet," "Yellow Bird," "Bamboo-Tamboo," and "Dansez Calenda."

There is instrumental accompaniment—in other words, everything to provide a sort of standardized "tone" through which all musics from everywhere can be filtered and made palatable to all. This may not be a brilliant intercultural program, but it sells.

—Frederic Ramsey, Jr.

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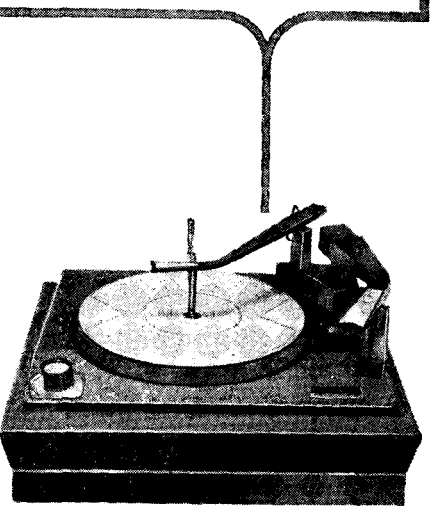

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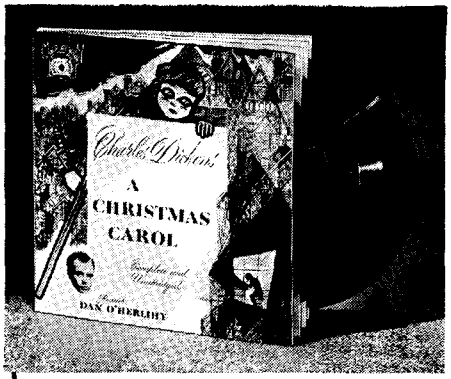

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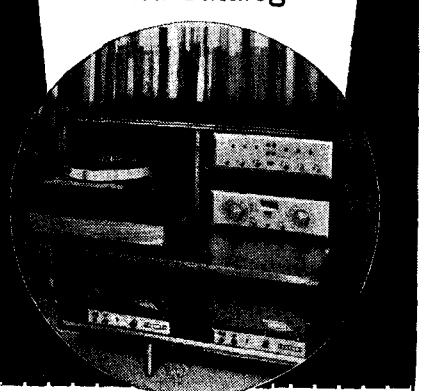

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"Lulu" in Italy

ROME.

THOUGH Alban Berg's "Lulu" will not have its first broadcast performance in Italy until December 13, a report on its quality is already available, due to the circumstance that the taping occurred in two sessions during October. I was privileged to be a guest at the RAI auditorium, out near the Foro Italico (at the cost of missing the concurrent broadcast of Auber's "Fra Diavolo" from Turin!). What Berg, at his death in 1935, left completed of "Lulu" has been performed so few times since its Zurich *première* on June 2, 1937, that his superb re-creation under the baton of Bruno Maderna seems to me a prime musical event. For an American over-coddled by central heating, I found it nearly miraculous that the singers and instrumentalists could respond with such heat to Maderna's biddings in a large, chill, mostly empty hall.

The Lulu, Ilona Steingrüber-Wildganz, who (without the Wildganz) sings the role in the Columbia recording (SL-121), is a short, pigeon-shaped woman who wields a heroic soprano voice with almost frightening accuracy. As the Lesbian Gräfin Geschwitz, the mezzo-soprano Eugenia Zareska—who sang the role at Venice in 1949—unfortunately sounded more feminine than the *echt*-female Lulu. Heinz Rehfuss (also heard at Venice) was magnificently right as the editor, Dr. Schön. In Act II, the American bass James Loomis sank his teeth and his wonderfully fluent German into the role of Rodrig, pouring out voluminous tone as required. Others in the enthusiastic international cast were Luisa Ribacchi (Wardrobe Mistress), Maria Teresa Massa Ferrero (in the *Hosenrolle* of the Gymnasiast), Dimitri Lopatto (doubling as the Doctor and as Schigolch), Ratko Delorko (Painter), Kurt Ruesche (Alwa, which he also sang at Hamburg in 1957), Scipio Colombo (Animal Tamer), Tomasso Frascati (doubling as the Prince and as the Manservant), and Umberto Frisaldi (Theatre Director). The Orchestra of the Rome Radio—with the usual complement extended by saxophones, piano, multiple timpani—performed prodigies from pianissimo to shattering forte-fortissimo.

Midway in the second session, Maderna put onto the tape the sections of the incomplete Act III which Berg included in the Symphonic Suite prepared beforehand and first heard in 1934. Then, just before ten o'clock on Saturday night, he asked singers and orchestra (who had been hard at work, except during two brief coffee breaks, for more

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SR's CHRISTMAS BOOK NUMBER

than three hours) if they were too tired to go straight through the second scene of Act II. The session ended, with everyone applauding everyone else, at 10:20.

"Lulu" now sounds more lyric and less prevailingly dissonant than "Wozzeck." Although an eye on the score finds it dodecaphonic throughout, the ear answers that Berg at the time of his death (as the Violin Concerto also testifies) was in the process of asserting that twelve-tone construction need not inevitably produce extreme, unremitting dissonance. Berg does not, in "Lulu," merely slump lamely from the discordant complex down to the diatonic banal, as Richard Strauss too often slumped. Rather, by giving us the sense of a home tone—ever shifting, but almost always there somewhere—he provides necessary perspective and welcome orientation. His sensitized musical response to the line-by-line contents of the text he himself, had arranged from Frank Wedekind's two-part "tragedy of sex" fails only when the orchestral composer in him takes over too abundantly. Then, for minutes together, "Lulu" threatens to become an extreme, unbalanced example of what Joseph Kerman has called "Opera as Symphonic Poem." Even during those moments, however, the web of sound that Maderna (who seemed to know the score almost by heart) was eliciting from orchestra and singers convinced me again that, at least musically, a year in Italy can be enormously rewarding.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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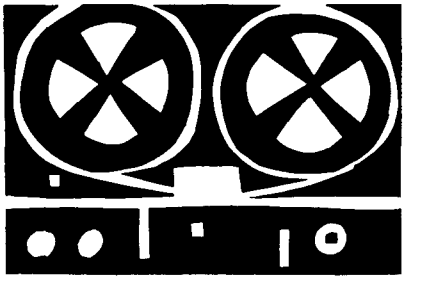

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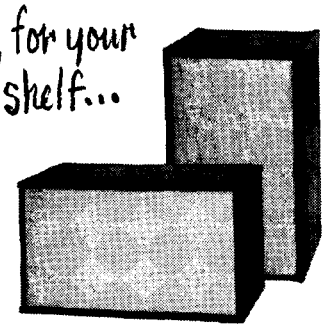

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

BIOGRAPHER OF ODJB

Wilder Hobson wrote nostalgically [*SR* June 13] of his first contact with jazz—the 1917 Victor recording of "Livery Stable Blues" by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. Such mention of the nearly-forgotten ODJB is rare these days, and both Mr. LaRocca and I appreciate it.

I thought you would be interested in knowing that my book, "The Story of the Dixieland Jazz Band"—the product of 22 years' research—will be published next March by the Louisiana State University Press, and that two entire chapters are devoted to the aforementioned blues number. Chapter VI, "Tin Horns and Talking Machines," deals at length with the first jazz recording; and Chapter VII, "The Strange Case of the Livery Stable Blues," covers the 1917 lawsuit that resulted from the theft of this number by Alcide "Yellow" Nunez and Roger Graham. Indeed, there was really enough to the "Livery Stable Blues" story alone to fill a good-sized book, and I had to cut it drastically.

H. O. Brunn.
Snyder, New York

STOKIE IN PHILLY

As to whether Stokowski would record with the Philadelphia when he appears with them [*SR* Oct. 31], Columbia is definitely recording the "El Amor Brujo" with him and with Shirley Carter, a brilliant young soprano who sang with us this summer in "Ariadne." His program in Philadelphia, incidentally, will be, in addition to the De Falla, the "Figaro" Overture, the "Pines of Rome" and the Shostakovitch Fifth.
Best regards.

J.T.
New York, N.Y.

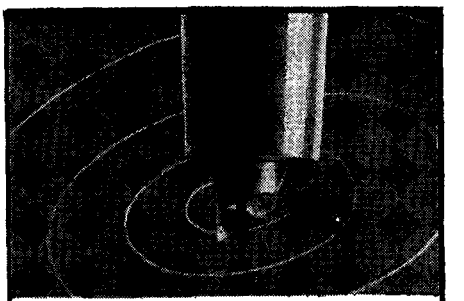
Has Leopold Stokowski any plans to record his orchestration of Shostakovitch's E flat minor Prelude—or Fiedler to record William Billing's "Chester" (the American Revolutionary Army's marching song)? Those two, and many other, short works are badly neglected in this microgroove age and should be in the LP catalogues. There are too many duplications—much of which are war horses.

J. M. Kelly
New York, N. Y.
Editor's note: *Perhaps they will appeal in the context of the project above.*

YEATS VS. YEATS

Re "Irish Writers and Readers" by John Ciardi [*SR* Oct. 31]: Is that really a photograph of W. B. Yeats above the one of Siobhan McKenna? If so, it would seem that the vanity of later years caused him to undergo plastic surgery and to remove the hair from the top of his head and paste it on to his chin.

Marsa Rabinowitz.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Editor's note: *The photo service de-filed the Yeatses.*



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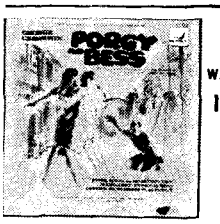

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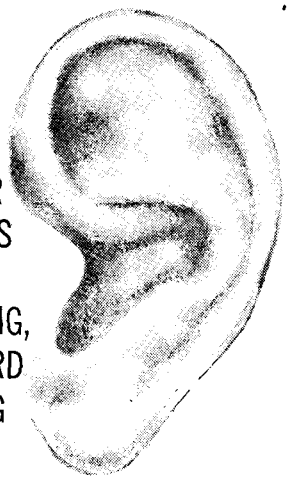

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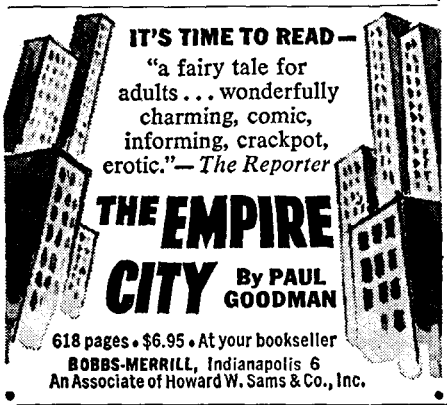
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Thanks for your interest and having such good taste.

W. B. FREEDMAN, M.D.
South San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *They have not yet been received.*

LOUISVILLE OPERAS

WITH REFERENCE TO Mr. Daniel's review of "The Holy Devil" [*SR* Sept. 26]: Please be advised that this is the fifth (not the fourth) opera commissioned and recorded in Louisville. The other four are Anthiel—"The Wish," Mohaupt—"Double Trouble," Lieberman—"School for Wives," and Clanville-Hicks—"The Transposed Heads."

A. F. R. LAWRENCE
New York, N.Y.

CONTRA STEREO

YOUR "Recordings" editor seems intent on forcing everyone into stereo. A case in point is to be found on pages 50 and 52 of the 26 Sept. issue. Here Mr. Kolodin gives only the number of the stereo version of the records—as if there were no mono version at all. Now if RCA tries to "freeze" us into stereo, that is one thing; but for your magazine to be a partner to this—that sir, is quite another. I wonder, therefore, if you could persuade Mr. I. K. to give us the numbers of both stereo and mono, when both are available. Some of your readers, unimpressed with tinkling cymbals and with sounding brass, are happy with mono.

ED DAWSON
Milledgeville, Ga.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The numbers given are those of the copy received for review, mono or stereo as the case may be.*

LANGUAGE AND MUSIC

The highest praise we can give to a work of music is to say that it "speaks" to us. Conversely, there are words so exalted, like those of the Holy Bible, where the language, fired with emotion, turns into poetry, and the poetry is transformed into the urgency of music. In Charlton Heston's readings from The Five Books of Moses, accompanied by the Robert DeCormier Chorale, poetry and music intermingle to form a unity of extraordinary power and beauty. So, The Creation takes on new levels of meaning when intensified by the musical image of "My Lord, what a morning, when the stars begin to shine." And the tragedy of Moses, unable to cross into the Promised Land, is lent unutterable poignance by the song "Deep River."

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1340

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Resembling any of the Heterocera.	1 162 20 22 47 104 75 158
B. Designates for a specific use.	108 49 147 62 132 125 3 13
C. Method of the perfectionist (2 wds.).	159 95 120 141 26 34 38 114
D. Coarse whips made of braided leather.	74 105 58 43 40 52 136 66
E. Lack of trust in; withholding of faith.	17 61 71 155 65 53 31 86
F. The Nereid who was mother of Achilles.	70 135 59 94 126 110
G. Moments.	129 122 19 161 93 106 6 50
H. Shakespeare's word for offers as a reason, no longer used.	143 29 133 51 88 81 39
I. What the Cockney is supposed to hear at birth whether he knows it or not (2 wds.).	11 96 21 113 63 30 36 160
J. Word of rather sad connotation which is an anagram of "happiest".	56 35 73 27 98 163 32 5
K. One thing beyond which Bonar says "I shall be soon"; moment of gaining consciousness after sleep (2 wds.).	100 78 60 140 12 128 118 92 16

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. One of the most powerful Indian tribes of our Midwest, formerly; now just a chicken.	45 155 69 24 124 83 137 117 8
M. Feast celebrated on January 6; a manifestation, esp. of God.	115 139 4 46 68 25 97 15
N. Entire personnel of fashionable people.	90 157 145 82 80 138 119 154
O. Female "hollow - horned ruminant mammal closely allied to the sheep" (2 wds.).	41 64 54 144 142 131 33 146 57
P. One of the highest Alpine peaks.	10 116 89 77 37 2 149 151 72 12
Q. Destitute of teeth.	9 150 79 102 148 121 152 111
R. Brings in.	28 112 7 85 55 87 134 103
S. Dolichocephalic persons.	99 44 130 42 153 101 109 123 76
T. Persons, devices, or machines which clean up in a certain way.	14 67 18 23 84 48 91 107

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 A	2 P		3 B		4 M	5 J		6 G	7 R	8 L						
9 Q	10 P	11 I	12 K	13 B	14 T	15 M		16 K	17 E	18 T	19 G	20 A		21 I	22 A					
23 T	24 L		25 M	26 C		27 J	28 R	29 H	30 I	31 E		32 J	33 O	34 C						
35 J	36 I	37 P	38 C	39 H	40 D	41 O	42 S		43 D	44 S	45 L		46 M	47 A	48 T					
49 B	50 G	51 H	52 D		53 E	54 O		55 R	56 J	57 O	58 D	59 F	60 K	61 E						
62 B	63 I	64 O	65 E	66 D		67 T	68 M	69 L	70 F		71 E	72 P	73 J	74 D	75 A					
76 S		77 P	78 K	79 Q	80 N		81 H	82 N	83 L	84 T		85 R	86 E		87 R					
88 H	89 P	90 N	91 T	92 K	93 G	94 F	95 C	96 I	97 M	98 J	99 S		100 K	101 S	102 Q					
103 R	104 A	105 D	106 G	107 T		108 B	109 S	110 F	111 Q	112 R		113 I	114 C		115 M					
116 P	117 L	118 K	119 N	120 C		121 Q	122 G	123 S		124 L	125 B	126 F	127 P	128 K	129 G					
130 S	131 O		132 B	133 H		134 R	135 F	136 D		137 L	138 N	139 M		140 K	141 C					
142 O		143 H	144 O		145 N	146 O	147 B	148 Q	149 P		150 Q	151 P		152 Q	153 S					
154 N	155 L		156 E	157 N	158 A	159 C		160 I	161 G	162 A	163 J									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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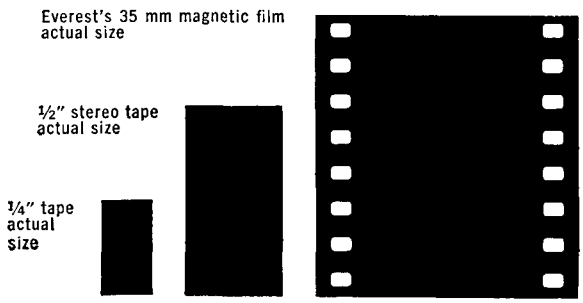

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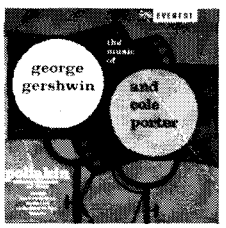

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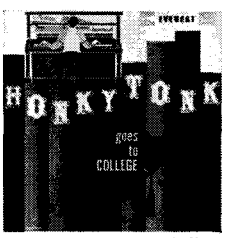

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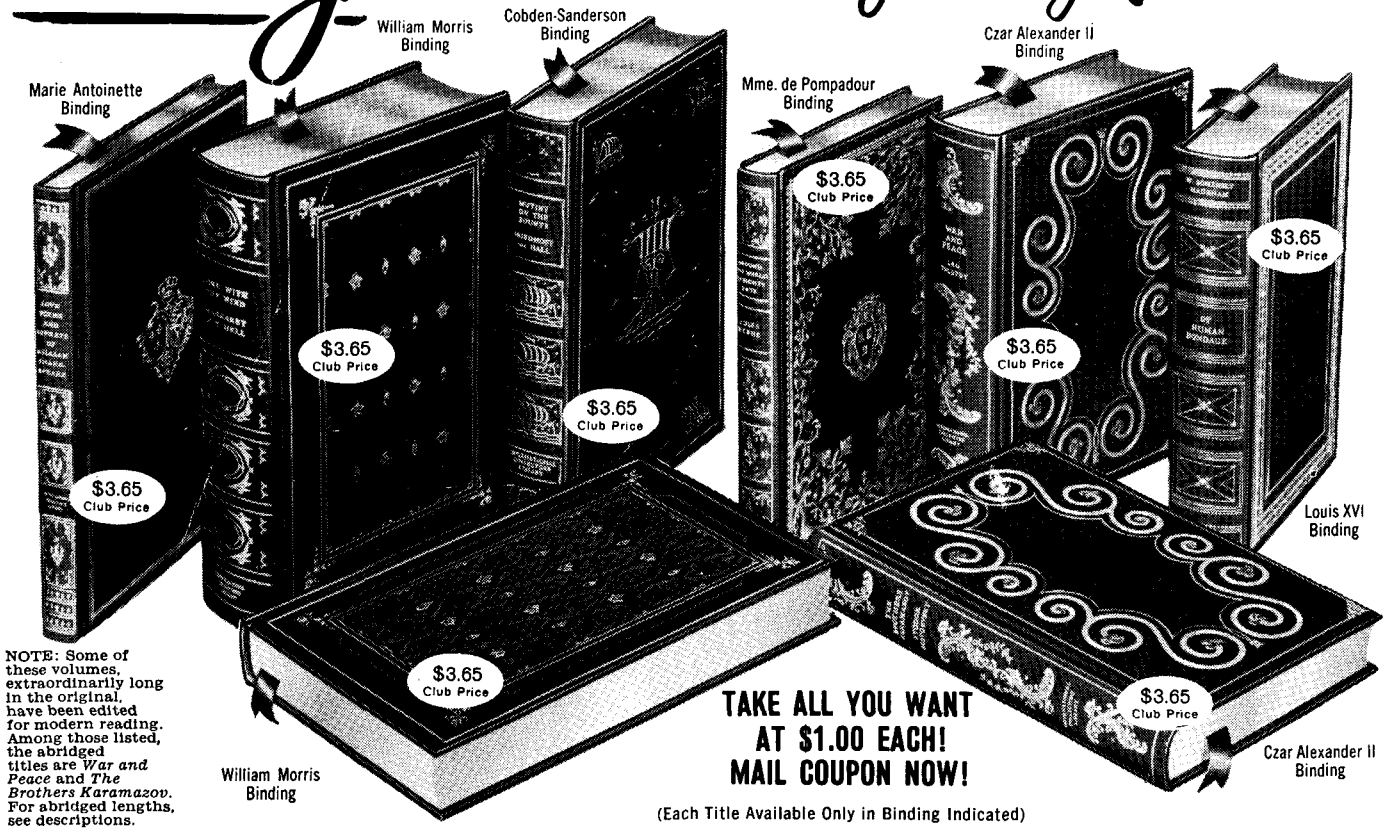

NOTE: Some of these volumes, extraordinarily long in the original, have been edited for modern reading. Among those listed, the abridged titles are *War and Peace* and *The Brothers Karamazov*. For abridged lengths, see descriptions.

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